T R O L L

by Ed Naha

@ 1984 EMPIRE ENTERTAINMENT
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REGISTERED WGAW

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FADE IN

1. INT. STUDY, DAY 1

A very ornate, old-fashioned book sits serenely on the highly polished wooden surface of a massive old desk. An old-fashioned quill pen can be seen on the left of the screen. The tip of a scroll can be seen on the right hand side of the screen. The initial impression is that this is an ancient book perched on a desk located in a land and a time long gone.

The book slowly opens.

Spirited medieval music begins to play.

The book opens flat and we see that there is a two-page pain within.

The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in on the screen right side of the painting.

2. PAINTING 2

In the painting, lords and ladies are frolicking in a lush forest. A maypole stands in the background and festive fairgoers are dancing around it. The mood is light and cheerful. The THEME MUSIC reflects that mood.

An INITIAL CREDIT appears over the painting (EMPIRE FILMS PRESENTS)

The CAMERA slowly PANS to the left.

The medieval denizens pictures are still having a great time as the camera slowly makes its way across the painting.

A SECOND CREDIT (A CHARLES BAND PRODUCTION) appears.

As the CAMERA continuously makes its way across the painting, we notice an occasional look of apprehension on one or two faces as they gaze at something offscreen to our left.

2. CONTINUED:

As we take note of each of these faces, a slightly dissonant note enters into the THEME MUSIC.

A THIRD CREDIT (A FILM BY JOHN BUECHLER) appears.

Now, as the CAMERA continues to pan, all the faces on the screen are transfixed in horror. The music, in turn, is really bordering on the psychotic. The fairgoers are all staring at something unseen screen left. The CAMERA continues to move.

We see what the villagers are reacting to.

A body, nearly torn in two, lies on the green. Strange footprints are seen leading off into the forest.

As the CAMERA focuses on the footprints and the dark, forboding forestland ahead, the word

TROLL

materializes on the screen in bold, middle ages lettering.

3.EXT. FOREST, DAY 3

Magically, the forest transforms itself from a mere painting to real-life swath of green and the CAMERA begins careening forward through the forestland as the CREDITS roll.

The MUSIC, at this point, is still medieval but very, very ominous.

The CREDITS end but the CAMERA continues to plunge forward. We now can HEAR breathing over the CAMERA movements and we become aware that we are witnessing the POINT OF VIEW of someone or something running purposefully through the forest, very low to the ground.

The music fades. The heavy breathing continues, dominant.

The CAMERA continues to lurch forward. It approaches a clearing. At this point, we are quite sure that we are in some medieval setting. As the CAMERA nears the clearing, a deafening ROARRRRR splits the air. Could this be the bellowing of a dragon or some other mythological beast?

The CAMERA crashes into the clearing and peers down an embankment.

A moving ban is gunning it's engine---ROARRRRR---as it pulls from in front of a small, five unit apartment building in a southern California suburb.

The CAMERA pivots from point of interest to point of interest as we witness a young couple, HARRY and ANNE POTTER watch the movin

A.3. CONTINUED:

van pull away. A few of their boxes and belongings are still outside on the front stairs. Their children, HARRY JR., a very young 13 and WENDY-ANNE, aged 6, are fairly bored with the entire moving ceremony and, clearly, would love to be somewhere else.

Sc. 3 CON'T ? Our initial glimpse of the fourseome is seen from the POV of our forest jogger.

4. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 4

Harry senior and Anne are typically upwardly mobile types. They are parents who, clearly, still regard themselves as kids; Harry moreso than Anne. The kids are all-American types: Wendy-Anne is appropriately cuddley and Harry, is, well, a little bookish looking. It's not that he's an out and out nerd, it's just that he's a little out of step.

HARRY SR.
Jeeze. I've never seen so many guys take so long to move so little furniture.

ANNE
It was all your records, Harry. I told you to get rid of those old records.

HARRY SR.
But I love those old albums. I listen to them all the time.

ANNE
All 250 boxes of them?

HARRY JR. (bordering on sarcasm)
You must play them on fast speed, huh, dad?

HARRY SR.
What?

HARRY JR. (patiently)
To listen to <u>all</u> of them. You must have to play them on fast speed, right?

Harry Sr. turns to his wife.

HARRY SR.
He's inherited your mother's sense of humor.

ANNE
My mother's been dead for ten years.

HARRY SR.
I know.

Harry Jr. rolls his eyes at his father's remark. Anne picks up a box and heads for the front door while Harry Sr. fumbles in his pocket for keys.

ANNE
Watch it, Harry junior, we have to move some of these boxes into the apartment.

HARRY JR.
I thought the janitor was going to help us.

ANNE
Building manager. Mr. Maitland went off to do something in the laundry room. I haven't seen him all afternoon.

HARRY JR.
The guy sounds like a real whiz.

HARRY SR.
You guys take care of the boxes. I'll go pick up some dinner. I saw a ratburger joint around the corner.

HARRY JR.
Neat.

WENDY
Gross.

ANNE
Harry, I wish you'd stop calling them ratburgers in front of the children.

HARRY JR.
I'll have a piece of tail on the side.

ANNE
Harry junior!

HARRY JR.
Dad told me that joke.

Harry senior heads for the car.

HARRY SR.
I heard it from my father.

HARRY JR. (logically)
See. It's traditional. It's not my fault!

WENDY
Ha!

5.

4. CONTINUED: 4

ANNE
Harry, while I do this, why don't you go play with Wendy-Anne?

HARRY JR.
Awww, mom. She's a pain in the...

ANNE
All right. Don't play with her. But while I unpack you sit here and guard the fortress, OK? Just watch your sister.

HARRY JR.
I'd rather be watching Star Trek.

ANNE
Just sit there, OK?

HARRY JR.(sullenly)
OK, mom.

HARRY JR.(to himself)
Phasers on dull.

A.4. EXT. STEPS. DAY.
Wendy-Anne, ball in hand, skips up to Harry junior. Harry, quite disinterested, whips out a well-worn copy of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND and sits on the front steps. He begins thumbing through the magazine.

WENDY
Wanna play?

She gives the ball a couple of bounces.

HARRY JR. (disinterested)
I don't play ball with...girls.

WENDY
I'm no girl. I'm a sister.

HARRY JR.
Same thing.

WENDY
Is not.

HARRY JR. (very quietly)
Is too.

CUT TO:
5. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY, ALIEN POV 5

We see the ending of this exchange from the POV of someone or

TROLL
5. CONTINUED: 5

something behind the bushes.

WENDY
If you're not nice to me, I'll run away.

HARRY JR.
I'll help you pack.

Wendy turns around and, pouting, walks to the opposite end of apartment building. The CAMERA watches her round a corner and then quickly moves forward, following her.

WENDY
You'll be sorry.

CUT TO:
6. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 6

Wendy begins bouncing the ball, singing a nursery rhyme, in childspeak to herself.

WENDY
Peas partridge hot
Peas partridge cold
Peas partridge inna lot
Five days ol'

The ball takes a bad bounce and skitters along the walkway, Wendy in pursuit. The ball rolls down a short stairway leading to the laundry room. The door to the laudnry is ajar and the ball rolls inside. Wendy follows the ball down the stairway and into the room.

7. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, DAY 7

The laundry room isn't very safe looking. Like all laundry rooms it is dank and dirty. Its source of illumination is a sole lightbulb hanging, ominously, from the ceiling. Wendy finds ball and picks it up gingerly. She is facing the CAMERA. She hears a noise from SCREEN RIGHT. She stiffens for a moment. hearing anything a second time, she shrugs and begins bouncing the ball.

WENDY
Peas partridge hot
Peas partridge cold...

Before she can complete the rhyme, a gnarled, greenish hand appears from OFFSCREEN RIGHT and violently yanks the girl off the screen. She doesn't so much scream as she does exhale loudly.

Silence.

The ball bounces out of view.

7 . CONTINUED:

Silence.

Suddenly, we hear the ball bouncing rythmically again.

A figure waddles in front of the CAMERA from out of the shadows, bouncing the ball. It is a short, squat figure...a troll. He is a pin-headed creature with a long, hawk-like nose and a perpetual snarl. His arms are too long for his torso, almost simian in design, and his eyes are ever-alert, round and bulbous. Around the middle finger of his taloned, left hand he wears a large, glowing ring.

The troll catches the ball and holds it before him, examining it carefully. Something resembling a smile plays across his parted lips. He begins bouncing the ball in rythm, grunting a melody that resembles the rhyme that Wendy had been chanting. What comes out of his mouth is anything but English.

TROLL
Peezenorrigeot
Dweezenorrigeol

CUT TO:

8. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 8

Harry is still on the steps, reading, when his father pulls the car into the driveway. Harry senior removes a large, grease-spattered white bag and walks up the stairs into the apartment building. Harry junior doesn't even look up.

HARRY SR.
The crowd goes wild as the breadwinner returns home with dinner.

Harry senior enters the house. We wait a beat. Anne's voice is heard.

ANNE (o.s.)
Harry Jr. Come on in, honey. We're ready to eat.

HARRY JR.
Yes ma'am.

Anne appears in the doorway.

ANNE
Where's your sister?

HARRY JR.
Beats me.

Harry Sr. appears in the doorway.

8. CONTINUED

HARRY SR.
Don't tempt me.

ANNE
Harry, didn't I tell you to keep your eye on her?

HARRY JR.
It kept sliding off.

ANNE
What?

HARRY JR.
That was a joke, see? You said keep your eye on her and I said it kept sliding...

Harry senior stomps out and grabs the magazine out of his son's hands.

HARRY SR.
Go find your sister...now!

HARRY JR.
Careful with that, that's the special Godzilla issue!

HARRY SR.
Your sister.....

Harry junior sticks out his lower lip and trudges off.

HARRY JR. (to himself)
Beam me up, Scotty. There are no signs of intelligent life on <u>this</u> planet.

CUT TO:

9. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, DAY 9

The troll is bouncing the ball, chanting. The voice that is now coming out of his mouth, however, is speaking perfect English. It is also the voice of Wendy-Anne.

TROLL/WENDY
Peas partridge hot
Peas partridge cold
Peas partridge inna lot
Five days ol'

CUT TO:

10. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 10

Harry junior is roaming around the outside of the apartment.

10. CONTINUED: 10

HARRY JR.
Wendy? Come on out. I'm not fooling around. Mom's mad. Wendy? If you don't come out, I'm going to tell dad about you breaking his Yellow Submarine album.

CUT TO:
11. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, DAY 11

The troll hears the boy and stops bouncing the ball. The troll snarls slightly and darts behind a washer.

CUT TO:
12. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 12

Harry junior stands before the steps leading down to the laundry room. The door is still ajar.

HARRY JR.
Wendy?

Silence.

HARRY JR.
Wendy? Are you down there?

Silence.

Harry junior slowly walks down the stairs.

HARRY JR.
Wendy-Anne, don't fool around now.

Silence as he approaches the door.

CUT TO:
13. INT. LAUNDRY ROOM, DAY 13

Harry walks into the room. The door slams shut behind him. The overhead light is swaying slightly, casting ominous moving shadows on all the walls.

HARRY JR.
Are you in here?

He sniffs the air and makes a face.

HARRY JR.
Have you been playing with dead cats?

Silence.

Harry spots something on the floor. He stoops over and picks it up. It is Wendy's ball. He looks around the darkened room. Because the light is still swaying, he is faced by the moving

TROLL
13. CONTINUED 13

shadows all around him...including his own directly before him. Harry junior is getting very uneasy. He is still attempting to play the older, macho brother, however.

HARRY JR.
OK. Keep hiding. I'm going to tell dad and then you'll really...

Without warning a hand yanks on his arm from OFFSCREEN RIGHT, dragging him towards the washing machine.

Harry screams, drops the ball and spins around to see....

His sister, Wendy-Anne, holding onto his arm, laughing hysterically.

WENDY
I got you! I got you!

HARRY JR. (furious)
You did not!

WENDY
Did too! Did too!

HARRY JR.
Mom and Dad are gonna be pissed at you. Wait'll they find out that you've been hiding.

Harry runs off.

Wendy remains behind, smiling. The room around her slowly begins to take on a green, foresty glow. She bends over and slowly retrieves the ball Harry has left behind. The floor to the basement is not concrete. It's grassy and littered with flowers. We now hear birds and forest-noises in the background. Next to the ball is a tool kit with the words "Elmo Maitland" written on it. Wendy picks up the ball and gazes at it strangely, smiling ever-so-slightly. It is then we notice that Wendy is wearing t troll's green ring on her left hand. The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in on the ring.

CUT TO:
14. INT. APARTMENT, DUSK 14

As we PULL BACK from the ring, we now see that Wendy is seated with her family on the floor, amidst a pile of boxes and furniture. There is a picnic blanket on the floor and the foursome is getting ready to dig into some fast food. Anne is holding Wendy's hand, gazing at the ring.

ANNE
Where did you get this, honey?

14. CONTINUED: 14

WENDY
I found it.

ANNE
Where?

WENDY (shrugging)
Somewhere.

Harry senior pulls a batch of burgers out of the greasy bag.

HARRY SR.
Taa-daa.

HARRY JR. (eagerly)
I want the works!

HARRY SR.
If you keep acting like you have been, I'll give you the works.

ANNE
Daddy's being funny, Harry junior.

HARRY JR.
I'm glad you think so.

Wendy takes one look at the first of the drippy, disgusting burgers unloaded and pulls back in horror.

WENDY
What's that!

HARRY JR. (smugly)
It's the works!

WENDY
But what's in it?

ANNE
Now, honey. Just eat it. It's good for you.

WENDY
But what's in it?

HARRY SR.
Nutritionists have been trying to figure that out for years.

Wendy is handed the burger. She holds it before her. She sniffs at it the way an animal does its prey. She blinks at it. Once. Twice. She then tears it in two and stuffs it in her mouth while making loud, growling noises...like a woodland creature.

14. CONTINUED: 14

Her parents are stunned.

Harry is amused and sort of proud of her.

HARRY JR.
What a pig!

HARRY SR. (sternly to his son)
Have you been letting her read your monster magazines?

HARRY JR.
Uh-uh.

Wendy, her mouth dripping burger gunk, grins at her father.

WENDY
More works.

ANNE
More works, what.

The smile fades from Wendy's face.

WENDY
More works...now!

Wendy snatches the burgers that are still resting in the greasy bag and darts out the door into the hall.

HARRY JR.
Hey. Bring back those ratburgers!

Harry takes off in hot pursuit. Harry senior stares at his wife and sighs. A fire alarm goes off in the hall. Harry and Anne both run out the door into the hallway.

CUT TO:

15. INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT 15

The children careen off towards the stairway leading to the second floor. Anne and Harry senior rush out into the hallway two beats later. Anne runs out the front door and Harry turns to face the stairs. He is almost mowed down by his own children who gallop down the stairs, past him and out the front door.

HARRY SR.
Harry! Wendy-Anne.

HARRY JR.
The little creep pulled the fire alarm to keep me from the burgers.

Pushed against the bannister, Harry is almost mowed down a second

15. CONTINUED: 15

time, this time by PETER DICKINSON, who is rushing down the stairs after the children. DICKINSON is a fat, short-tempered and slightly sleezy kinda guy. He tries to dress in a terminally hip fashion and winds up looking like a cross between a downtown pimp and the Pillsbury dough boy. He loves beautiful women. He hates children. His mother probably thinks he's very clever.

HARRY SR.
Hi.

DICKINSON
Are those creatures yours?

HARRY SR.
Harry Potter is the name. And, yes, guilty as charged.

DICKINSON
I'm Peter Dickinson. I live upstairs.

There is a shriek from outside the building. Wendy-Anne, her mouth dripping with hamburger gunk runs inside the hallway and past the two men. She is heading for a back exit, unseen. Her brother is in hot pursuit. They both, in turn, are being chased by Anne. Anne stops, winded in front of Harry senior. Harry calmy points over his shoulder.

HARRY SR.
They went thataway.

ANNE
You're a big help.

HARRY SR.
Hey. You said you wanted a sensitive husband, not a tyrant.

ANNE
I lied.

She sets off in pursuit.
Harry shrugs.

HARRY SR.
That's Anne, my wife.

15. CONTINUED:

15

Mysteriously, Wendy-Anne reappears at the top of the stairs, still covered with gunk and nearly growling in a primative way. She is clutching the dripping bag of hamburgers like some great prize.. She runs past the two men. Harry junior is at her heels. The kids run out the front door.

DICKINSON
Is she rabid?

HARRY JR. (o.s.)
Give back those burgers.

HARRY SENIOR
And those are the children, Harry junior and Wendy-Anne.

A loud snarl is heard. Harry junior is yelling.

15. CONTINUED: 15

DICKINSON
How charming. You have the distinction of owning the only children in the entire building.

HARRY SR.
Oh, we don't own them. We just rent.

A.15. INT. HALLWAY/POTTER APT. DAY (INSERT CHASE SCENES WITH BAG)

Sc. 15 cont.

During the following scene, Harry senior will meet the denizens of the building while Anne tends to the children. The scene should gradually take on a circus-like atmosphere, one both humorous and ominous as the pursuit of the children gradually changes from casual shenanigans to open warfare. We also hear fire engines wailing in the background.

DICKINSON
Are they always this loud?

HARRY SR.
You know how kids are.

He smiles weakly as the fire engines approach.

DICKINSON
Look, Harry-boy, I'll be honest with you. I'm a single, unattached kinda guy. I live right above you and I'm into swinging. Children having pillow fights at all hours of the night while I'm trying to score may lead to a few strike-outs. Get me?

There is more growling and yelling from outside the building. Harry turns to get his kids, leaving Dickinson muttering. Dickinson stalks up the stairs. Harry is about to leave the building when a gentlemen rushes in, nearly knocking Harry out.

The new fellow is short, compact and muscular, sporting a Hemingwayesque beard. He is wearing a sweat-dotted jogging outfit and a safari helmet. He has a walkman plugged into his ears. He jogs in an exaggerated manner. You get the feeling he's either an ex-jock or a CIA agent. The fellow jogs in place directly in front of Harry. His name is BARRY TAYBOR and he lives directly across the hall from Harry.

HARRY SR.
Hi.

BARRY
How ya doin'?

Barry continues to jog, his walkman still jammed into his ears. He can't hear the sirens or the alarm. Harry doesn't realize this.

15. CONTINUED: 15

HARRY SR.
We just moved in.

BARRY
You just move in?

There's a shriek from outside the house. Harry looks at the front door expectantly, prodding the portal open with his foot.

HARRY SR.
What's going on out there?

ANNE (o.s.)
Wendy tried to bite me.

Harry shrugs and turns to Barry.

HARRY SR.
The kids are upset tonight.

BARRY
Have any kids?

SCENE 15, INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT.CONTINUED: 15

Barry doesn't react. Harry patiently points to Barry's walkman. Barry stops jogging, remembers that he has the radio on and sheepishly takes the headset off. When he does so, we hear the music he's jogging to. It's not rock 'n' roll or disco. He's running to the beat of John Phillip Souza. He hears the alarm an the engines for the first time.

BARRY
Fire!

HARRY SR.
False alarm.

BARRY (extending a hand, relieve
Lt. Barry Taybor. U.S. Marines. Retired. Insurance is my battlefield now.

HARRY SR.
Uh. Harry Porter. I review books.

BARRY (slightly aghast)
You what?

HARRY SR.
I review books...for a newspaper.

BARRY
Never read 'em. They're owned and operated by liberal scum who knock our President every chance they get and leave us wide open for the Communist menace.

A pretty woman, in her mid-twenties runs down the stairs with her boyfriend. Her name is JEANETTE COOPER and she lives on the second floor. She is escorted by WILLIAM DANIELS. Jeanette is carrying a drippy bag of burgers.

JEANETTE
Hi Duke. Is this another false alarm or the real thing?

HARRY SR.
Duke?

BARRY
Most people think I look like John Wayne.

Harry senior gapes at the man...who looks nothing at all like John Wayne. His horse, maybe. But Wayne?

15. CONTINUED: 15

BARRY
False alarm, kids. Boy, the fire department will really be disappointed.

JEANETTE (to Harry)
That thing is more of a booby trap than a fire alarm. It goes off if you look at it funny.

WILLIAM
Yeah. Remember the time we came in drunk that night at two in the morning and...

She gives him a kick in the shins.

JEANETTE
No, I don't.

BARRY
Wait a minute. I remember that. I thought it was that creep upstairs who...

JEANETTE
It was, Duke. Wasn't it, William?

WILLIAM
Uh...

Another kick.

WILLIAM
Yeah.

BARRY
Oh. Jeanette. William. This is Harry Plodder.

HARRY SR.
Porter.

JEANETTE
Hi. I'm Jeanette Cooper. Did you lose this?

She holds up the drippy bag.

JEANETTE
Or were you trying to give it the slip on purpose?

Wen -Anne bursts in the front door and with a blood-curdling
ane . dives at Jeanette, snatches the bag out of her hand (like

Namu the Killer Whale at Seaworld), and dives back into the Potter apartment. Jeanette looks at her empty hand somewhat bemused.

BARRY
Spirited kid. I like that.

Harry Junior comes darting past.

HARRY JR.
Give me those ratburgers.

JEANETTE
Ratburgers?

Anne runs in the front door, following Harry junior and Wendy into the apartment.

There's a yelp from inside the apartment, followed by weird growling.

HARRY SR.
Uh, that's my wife, Anne, and the little ones.

BARRY
All exercising together. What a righteous American thing to do.

JEANETTE
Has anyone seen Malcolm?

HARRY SR.
Who's Malcolm?

BARRY
An egghead.

JEANETTE
A professor of English.

BARRY
You two will probably hit it off.
He reads newspapers.

JEANETTE (slightly sarcastic)
Sometimes even books.

HARRY SR.
I'm impressed.

The noise from inside Harry's apartment is growing pretty dire. Wendy is growling up a storm when a tall, gray haired and rather regal looking elderly woman marches down the stairs. It's EUNICE ST. CLAIR, the lone resident of the building's top floor and, as

15. CONTINUED: 15

we shall later see, a bona fide eccentric.

JEANETTE
Hellow, Miss St. Clair

HARRY
Evening ma'am.

B.15. HALLWAYS-TOP OF STAIRWAYS-2ND FLOOR. ?

The woman stares at the quartet from the top of the stairway.

Sc.15 con't

EUNICE
Who set off the goddamn alarm?

HARRY SR.
I apologize ma'am. It was one of my kids....

EUNICE
You think so, eh? Well, someone should tell the hook and ladder truck outside my window it's a false alarm. Might as well be me.

She marches down the stairs and out the front door.

HARRY SR.
Nice meeting you.

15. CONTINUED: 15

There is a series of loud screeches from inside the apartment. Silence. A crash. More screeches.

HARRY SR.
I'd better go.

BARRY
Give 'em hell, Harry.

Barry stands there smiling as Harry rushes inside the apartment.

CUT TO:

16. omit 16

17. INT. POTTER DINING ROOM, NIGHT 17

Harry runs into the room. Anne and Harry junior are backed against a wall. Wendy is standing before them, snarling, emitting harsh, growling noises. Her mouth is covered with hamburger goo. Harry senior is aghast. His wife is petrified.

HARRY SR.
What the hell?

ANNE
I think she's having some sort of fit.

Harry slowly approaches the child.

HARRY SR.
Wendy-Anne, honey. It's daddy.

The girl turns and glowers at her father.

HARRY SR.
Honey. Daddy's not going to hurt you. Are you okay?

The little girl holds her ground, glaring at her father. Harry senior slowly sticks out his hand towards the girl. He continues to approach her. Wendy stares at the outstretched hand. She allows her father to continue his cautious course. Without warning she grabs the hand and pulls her father forward. She opens her mouth as if to bite his hand. Harry senior is startled. Anne squawks. Suddenly Wendy begins to laugh.

WENDY
I'm Godzilla!

She emits an exaggerated roar.

Harry bursts out laughing. So does Anne. Anne leaves Harry Jr. standing next to the wall and approaches her little daughter.

ANNE
Why you little stinker.

17. CONTINUED: 17

HARRY SR.
So you have been reading Harry junior's magazines.

The girl nods affirmatively and lets out a melodramatic roar, punctuated by giggles. Her mother and father kneel on the floor and embrace the child. They are all laughing.

Anne grabs one of the paper napkins that came with the burgers and gives Wendy a quick going over. She begins by wiping the goop off the little girl's mouth, then begins daubing at spots of grease and sauce on the girl's clothing.

ANNE
Do you realize how much you scared mommy and daddy? And look at this! This is your favorite dress. Well, it'll come out I guess. And you could have hurt yourself running in those dark halls...maybe with a little bleach...and growling like that. Scaring all those people.

HARRY SR. (bemused)
And there's the little matter of that fire alarm.

ANNE
You could have given yourself a stomach ache, too, jogging after eating those ratburgers.

HARRY SR.
Ahem.

ANNE
Hamburgers.

Harry junior stands against the wall, viewing the entire scene. He, alone, does not laugh or join in the banter. He stares thoughtfully at the tableau. His parents continue to laugh and hug the little girl. Wendy stares over her parents' shoulders at Harry. She gazes, stone-faces, past her parents. She gazes, stone-faced at Harry junior.

Harry shudders involuntarily.

Wendy begins to giggle and laugh. Harry picks up a hamburger-gunk-stained monster magazine and leaves the trio to their laughter.

SCENE 18. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY

18

Harry toddles into the kitchen. The kitchen, indeed, most of the house seems to be in pretty decent order. The furniture is all pretty much in place and only the presence of a couple of dozen scattered boxes betray the fact that the house has just been moved into.

The refrigerator is already half-covered with little stick-em-up notes left by Anne. You get the feeling that, in the best of all possible worlds, she'd love to be the perfect mother and the perfect homemaker. Since she doesn't live in the best of all possible worlds, however, she is slightly off the mark. She still pursues that goal, however, with a subtle but fierce intensity known only to bona fide idealists and religious fanatics.

Harry Sr. is taking dishes out of a box and stacking them on a shelf. As he places the dishes on the shelf, Anne, in one, smooth movement, removes each dish and wipes it clean with a dish towel. She then places each dish on a second shelf.

The entire action is a smooth exercise in near-futility. Harry Sr. thinks he is really helping. Anne simply accepts his lack of kitchen savvy and works around it.

When Harry junior walks in, he pulls out a chair and is about to sit down. With one, swift movement, Anne reaches over and yanks a bowl off the seat of his chair before he can sit on it. She does this totally instinctively, without breaking her dish wiping rhythm. Neither Harry junior nor senior picks up on this.

When Harry junior glances up at her, she smiles warmly.

ANNE
Good morning, sleepy-head. It's nearly noon.

HARRY JR.
Hey. It's almost all fixed up. Did you guys work all night?

HARRY SR.
Nah. The apartment fairies did it all for us.

HARRY JR.
Not funny, dad.

ANNE
Where's your sister?

HARRY JR. (too casually)
Still sleeping.

HARRY SR.
Can you make yourself some cereal while we work?

HARRY JR.
Roof. I'm gone cereal

18. CONTINUED: 18

HARRY SR.
Vaudeville's dead. Go eat.

Harry junior reaches over and grabs a box of breakfast cereal from the other side of the table. He sits with the box in his hand and sort of stares, dumbly, around him. He is at a loss, the victim of a confused household and semi-wakefulness.

Without breaking her dishwiping stride, Anne takes the bowl she had snatched from junior's chair earlier and slides it in front of the boy. He blinks and pours his cereal into it. He finishes pouring. Stares at the bowl, confused. Where did that come from? She turns to his mother. Still, wiping, she flashes him a smile.

19. INT. BEDROOM, DAY 19

Wendy lies awake in her bed, fingering her strange ring meaningfully. The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in on her face, on her unblinking eyes. She is staring at the ceiling. Loud music can be heard drifting into the bedroom from above. The CAMERA slowly PANS from Wendy's eyes to the object of her attention, the ceiling. The music continues to pound away.

CUT TO:

20. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 20

Dickinson has his stereo going full blast. There are empty wine bottles and half empty vials of lord knows what scattered all over his living room. Dickinson's apartment is an interior decorator's nightmare-come-true. It is done in hi-tack. The chairs are all made out of black, shiney material: nasty plastic looking stuff. There are lava lights and recessed lighting fixtures everywhere, all emitting different colored hues. The bizarre lighting and nasty furniture gives the places a cold, cavernous feel.

Dickinson stands before the stereo dancing, off-beat, to the music. He is wearing silk pajamas and an ornate, oriental bathrobe. In the background, a woman is buttoning up her blouse.

DICKINSON
Hey, babe. Was it what you expected?

WOMAN
Unfortunately.

DICKINSON
What?

WOMAN
Oh, it was beyond what I expected.

Dickinson smiles to himself smugly.

DICKINSON
Feel like breakfast?

WOMAN
I suppose.

DICKINSON
Well, I do. There's some pancake mix in the kitchen. Why don't you cook us up a batch.

TROLL

20. CONTINUED: 20

The woman's eyes almost rebound out of her head.

WOMAN
Why don't you.....

CUT TO:

21. POTTER BEDROOM, DAY 21

Wendy slips out of bed, still staring at the ceiling. She begins to get dressed.

SCENE 22. POTTER LIVING ROOM, DAY 22

Wendy stands in the doorway and stares at her parents, who are still unpacking boxes.

As a visual punchline to SCENE 18, we have Harry senior reaching into a big box and removing a set of encyclopedias, volume by volume, and haphazardly jamming them onto a bookcase upside-down.

Anne, at his side, is swiftly and calmly, removing each volume, quickly dusting each off with a feather duster and replacing it on the bookcase rightside-up.

ANNE
Good-morning, Wendy.

HARRY SR.
Greetings, Godzilla.

The girl smiles but doesn't say a word.

ANNE
There's fresh juice in the kitchen.

The girl calmly walks out of the room.

Anne flashes Harry senior a worried look.

ANNE
I'm worried about her.

HARRY SR.
Does she look feverish to you?

ANNE
No. I checked. Her temperature's normal.

HARRY SR.
Maybe it's the move. Moving can be pretty traumatic. I used to hate it.

ANNE
Well, if she doesn't get back to normal by tomorrow, I'll call a doctor.

HARRY SR.
Yeah. A check-up should tell us everything we want to know.

23. INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY 23

In the kitchen, Harry junior is eating his cold cereal when Wendy walks in. He stops chewing when she makes her entrance. She doesn't say a word. She just looks at him oddly. She calmly walks over to the refrigerator. She stares at the thing. She notices the latch and opens the frige door ever-so-gingerly. She stares at the contents of the refrigerator, intrigued. Harry is silently watching the whole routine. Wendy sticks her hand into the refrigerator and grabs a container of milk. She instantly recoils.

WENDY
Cold!

She holds her hand, gasping and backs away. Harry gets up, flashes her a quizzical look and closes the refrigerator door.

HARRY JR.
Are you OK?

Wendy doesn't answer. She is still holding her hand, staring at the refrigerator.

HARRY JR.
Maybe you should go back to bed.

Against his better judgement, he puts his arm around her shoulder. Wendy whirls and stiff arms her brother. Harry junior is thrown clear across the kitchen. He slams into the wall with a grunt. He sister simply glares at him.

HARRY SR. (o.s.)
What are you two doing in there?

Wendy stares hard at her stupified brother.

HARRY JR.
N-nothing. I just tripped.

The little girl smiles and, abruptly, skips out of the room.

24. INT. POTTER LIVING ROOM, DAY 24

Wendy approaches her parents.

WENDY
Can I go out and play?

ANNE
Just don't leave the front yard, OK?

WENDY
I promise.

24. CONTINUED: 24

Harry senior jams the last upside-down volume onto the shelf. Anne takes it, dusts it, and replaces it as Harry senior searches around for another book. There are no more volumes to be found. Anne quickly replaces the book before Harry senior notices.

Harry sighs, satisfied but exhausted.

HARRY SR.
Boy, I never knew unpacking books could be so hard.

Anne looks at him, not quite startled.

ANNE (quietly)
Me neither.

25. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY 25

She leaves the apartment and glances at the stairway at the end of the hall. She walks slowly down the hall.
With a great sense of purpose, she grasps hold of the bannister and slowly begins to climb. As she ascends the stairs, the girl from Dickinson's apartment trots down, muttering foul oaths under her breath. Wendy smiles, self-assured, and continues her climb.

SCENE 26, INT. POTTER LIVING ROOM, DAY

Harry junior cautiously enters the living room where his parents are still unpacking. Harry senior pulls a truly hideous piece of sculpture from a box and holds it before him.

HARRY SR.
Where's the best place for this?

Anne takes it from his hands and places it back in the box.

HARRY JR.
Where did Wendy go?

HARRY SR.
Out. Why? Do you want babysit?

HARRY JR.
No way. She gets weirder every day.

Harry walks over to a pile of boxes, whips a folded Star Trek comic book out of his back pocket and sits down on the boxes, preparing to read. His mother and father exchange bemused glances.

HARRY SR.
Uh, I don't suppose you'd want to help us unpack....

HARRY JR.
Naah.

HARRY SR.
I didn't think so. Put the comic book down and go check out the neighborhood.

HARRY JR.
Not if she's out there somewhere.

HARRY SR.
Harry, stop whining. You'll only be in our way in here.

Harry marches towards the front door of the apartment like a condemned man taking that last walk to the chair.

27. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY 27

Harry stands outside his front door. He glances at the stairs at the far end of the hall. Dickinson's music can be heard wafting through the corridors. Harry approaches the stairs and gazes upward.

28. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 28

The doorbell to Dickinson's apartment rings. Stereo still blasting behind him, the swinger boogies over to the portal and pulls it open with a flourish.

DICKINSON
Couldn't get enough of me, eh babe?

Standing in the doorway is Wendy-Anne, not his fleet of foot one night stand.

WENDY
Hello.

The little girl casually walks by the startled man.

DICKINSON
Why don't you just make yourself at home?

Leaving the door open behind him, Dickinson follows the girl into the apartment. Unbeknownst to him, the door eases itself closed. Wendy, meanwhile, just strolls around the apartment, inspecting the tacky furnishing.

DICKINSON
Look. Kid. I don't have any cookies and I don't play with toys.

The girl doesn't say a word. She begins "pinging" light fixtures with her finger, making the lava lights bubble and the metal fixtures quiver.

DICKINSON
Hey, kid. It's Saturday. I have my whole day planned. So, why don't you just beat it, OK? This isn't a playground.

The little girl laughs and runs into the bedroom.

DICKINSON
I'm not up for hide and go-seek, either.

He walks over to the door leading into the bedroom. He doesn't see the girl.

DICKINSON
Come on, kid. Gimme a break, willya?

He hears the girl laughing. But the laughter seems to be coming from the living room. Puzzled and pissed off, Dickinson spins around. Pauses. Runs across the living room.

28. CONTINUED: 28

He stops in the middle of the living room. The laughter seems to be coming from all around him. He spins around and spots Wendy standing in a corner of the room. He runs towards the corner. She ducks behind a chair. When he reaches the corner, she is nowhere to be found.

More laughter. Dickinson whirls around and sees the girl standing against a wall on the opposite side of the room. She ducks behind a couch as he lunges forward. By the time he reaches the couch, the little girl is no longer hiding behind it.

More laughter. Peter, by now infuriate, spots the little girl duck behind another chair. He leaps over a coffee table and descends on the chair.

DICKINSON
This time I've got you.

29. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 29

Harry is slowly climbing the stairs leading to the second floor. He peers over the bannister down the corridor.

30. INT. DICKINSON APARTMENT, DAY 30

Peter stands bellowing before the chair.

DICKINSON
You can't slip past me this time, brat!

He grabs the chair and pulls it away from the wall. Standing behind the chair is not the little girl but a snarling, salivating troll.

DICKINSON
Holy shit.

Dickinson attempts to slam the chair back down against the troll. The troll sneers and calmly pushes the chair out of Dickinson's hand and sends it sailing across the room. The creature slowly advances.

Dickinson comes unglued. He trots over to the door. By the time he gets there, the troll is calmly standing before the portal, effectively blocking Peter's exit.

A.30. INT. DICKINSON'S BEDROOM. DAY

Dickinson backs away and heads for the bedroom. Before he can reach <u>that</u> door, he spots the troll <u>sitting on the bed inside.</u>

A. 30 CON'T. Dickinson frantically searches for a place to hide. Everywhere he turns, he spots the troll. The troll is omnipresent.

Exhausted, Dickinson stands in the middle of his living room, shaking. He spots the front door. It's deserted. He makes a dash

30. CONTINUED: 30

for it. A pale green hand darts out from beneath the couch and ensnares his ankle. The fat man tumbles forward onto the carpet. The troll hovers above him, its green ring glowing.

The troll calmly flicks his hand, like an extra from West Side Story. A stiletto-needle flips out of the ring, switch-blade knife style.

The troll grins and digs the needle into the fat man's arm. Dickinson bellows in pain. His screams blend in with the loud, pulsating disco music.

31. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 31

From a spooky, low angle, we see Harry making his way down the hallway. He approaches another stairway and begins to climb.

32. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 32

Dickinson clutches his arm, which is now swelling horribly. It is red. Inflamed. The man writhes around the room.

The troll, seemingly bored by the event taking place before him, waddles over to the couch and sits down. There is a half-eaten sandwich on a table next to the chair and a copy of Playboy on one of the cushions. The troll glances at the sandwich and begins picking at it. He notices a slice of meat inside. He pries open the sandwich and removes the slice of meat. He holds it before his nose. He sniffs it. He makes a sour face and tosses the meat over his shoulder.

Dickinson is rolling all over the floor, screeching like a wounded animal. His face is contorting. His body is pulsating.

The troll picks up the copy of Playboy and places it on his lap. He opens it up to the centerfold. His eyes dilate at what he sees inside.

Dickinson's body is rigid, now, sprawled on the floor. The body slowly begins to deflate and forms a husk-like shell.

The troll watches the shell carefully.

The husk begins to quiver and shake.

The troll puts down the magazine and climbs out of the chair.

The husk seems to be tearing apart.

The troll waddles over to the husk and grins. He backs away as the husk, like some great cocoon, is slowly torn asunder from with
A.32. STOP MOTION. Large green roots appear and slither out across the floor in a wave-like motion. Like magic the green sprends all around the room, slithering up the walls and entwining itself around the furniture.

CUT TO:

33. EXT. CORRIDOR, DAY 33

Harry junior cautiously makes his way down a hallway.

CUT TO:

34. INT. DICKINSON APARTMENT, DAY 34

The apartment has been converted into a twinkling, sparkling cavern, laden with deep green moss, overgrown mushrooms and strange, exotic flowers. Only a piece of furniture or two and the front door betray the fact that, moments before, this had been an ordinary, albeit tacky, suburban dwelling.
The troll stares at the room around him and voices approval with a contented hum. He refocses his attention on the husk, now sitting, in the middle of a patch of green.

A tiny hand appears from the inside. And another. And another.
The husk is ruptured and a tiny, buddah-like spider emerges. It stares at the room around it in amazement. It looks a little like Dickinson. Another small creature emerges...and another...and another...and another.

The troll claps his hands in glee.

35. INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR, 3RD FLOOR 35

We watch Harry slowly walk down a dark corridor. We're not sure where he is in the building now. We're not sure which apartment is Dickinson's. He stops before a door and hesitates. He knocks on the door. No reply. He knocks again. Silence. Suddenly, the doorknob before him begins jiggling furiously. Harry looks up as the door swings open violently.....

He comes face to face with Eunice St. Clair.

The boy gasps, almost crying out in fright. The woman glowers at him.

EUNICE
What do <u>you</u> want, short-stuff?

HARRY JR.
Ha-have you seen my sister?

EUNICE
No.

HARRY JR.
Good. Can I come inside. I think I'm going to throw up.

TROLL

35. CONTINUED:

EUNICE 35
How could I resist an offer like that? The bathroom's to the right.

Harry darts inside. Eunice stays at the door for a moment, looking, carefully, to the left and to the right. She then eases the door closed.

36. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 36

In Dickinson's room, the small army of little fairies are crawling around what looks like a slice of a Brothers Grimm Fairy Tale book.

From out of the shadows, Wendy emerges. She grins at the little fairies and walks out the door.

37. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR 37

In the hallway, things seem quite normal. Wendy eases the door shut. She glances at the door. 2A. Laughing, she skips down the hall.

38. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 38

Eunice is at work before an easel. She is painting a colorful depiction of a medieval feast. It is the same painting we vie under the opening credits.

On an end table next to her easel, a tiny mushroom sits in a clay pot. Eunice steps back from the painting.

EUNICE
Not bad, eh?

A tiny face appears on the mushroom. It's eyes dilate and it cases the painting. It chirps an enthusaistic "uh-huh." Harry comes out of the bathroom, ashen faced.

Eunice turns to the mushroom.

EUNICE
Shhhh.

She puts a lampshade on the mushroom's head. The mushroom spots Harry approaching and stiffens, making like a lamp. During the following conversation, it will slowly turn to peek at Harry. Whenever Harry senses something is moving and glances over, the mushroom stiffens again. Eunice casually glances at Harry.

EUNICE
Did you pop your cookies?

HARRY JR.
No. False alarm.

38. CONTINUED 38

EUNICE
Then there's no need for you to stay now, right?

Harry doesn't move towards the door.

HARRY JR.
I don't want to leave right away... if it's ok with you.

EUNICE
Makes no difference to me one way or the other. I'll pretend you're not here.

HARRY JR.
Thanks. I feel safe here.

EUNICE
You're talking like a ninny. What the hell are you afraid of, anyway?

HARRY JR.
I-I'm not sure.

EUNICE
Keep talking like that and you'll become an adult.

Eunice continues painting.

Harry walks around the apartment, his mouth agape. The apartment is really something special. There are countless old, thick books resting on massive, oak bookcases. The paintings on the wall are all old fashioned examples of art, picturing fantastic creatures and scenes. There are statues and sculptures of mythological creatures, stuffed owls, and the like. Large overstuffed chairs dot the room, doilies resting on their arms. Towering clocks tick loudly. Tiny porcelin figurines are everywhere. The places looks like a combination of a wizard's lair, a museum wing and a grandmother's apartment.

Harry junior is impressed.

HARRY JR.
Is all this stuff yours?

EUNICE
Of course it is. I live here, don't I?

HARRY JR.
Oh yeah. What do you do?

38. CONTINUED: 38

EUNICE
Whatever I damned well please.

Silence.

HARRY JR.
Don't you like kids?

EUNICE
If they're cooked properly.

Harry swallows hard and walks up to the old woman.

HARRY JR.
My name is Harry Potter junior and I just moved into the building. I have no friends here and my sister is getting weird on me. I don't know why, but I think something very strange is happening. I need a friend right about now. I'm really scared.

Eunice puts down her brush. She scrutinizes the kid. She offers him a hand. He accepts it.

EUNICE
Eunice St. Clair. Just knock before you come in. The door's always open. There are fresh cookies in the kitchen and if you want to throw up again, use the sink...I just washed the floor.

Harry smiles and trots into the kitchen.

Eunice picks up her brush and begins painting furiously. Her tiny mushroom familiar slowly raises its head out of the dirt.

EUNICE
So, you're afraid of something and you don't know why, eh, Harry Potter junior? You're wise beyond your years.

The mushroom-familiar nods in agreement, chirping an assertive "uh-huh" from underneath the lampshade.

CUT TO:
39. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY

Wendy is playing with her ball outside the apartment. The ball takes a bad bounce and rolls out into the street. She trots after it.

The air is shattered by the sound of a screaming horn and screeching brakes.

39. CONTINUED: 39

The girl looks up, startled and sees a car heading directly for her.

A hand appears from nowhere and yanks her back onto the sidewalk.

Wendy turns around and sees her savior for the first time: a man, an adult man as small as she is.

It is MALCOLM MALORY.

MALCOLM
You should be more careful.

The little man smiles at Wendy. The girl gapes at him.

MALCOLM
You might try being a little more polite, too.

WENDY
Are you an elf?

MALCOLM (laughing)
No. No. I just resemble one. Why? Do you believe in elves?

WENDY (grinning knowingly)
Oh yes.

MALCOLM
Well, then perhaps I might be one after all. Where do you live?

WENDY
In there.

Malcolm retrieves the ball.

MALCOLM
Well, so do I. I think you might be safer inside, don't you?

WENDY
I guess so.

MALCOLM
Well, come on then. What's your name?

WENDY
Wendy-Anne.

MALCOLM
My name is Malcolm. Glad to meet you, Wendy-Anne.

39. CONTINUED: 39

Malcolm walks towards the building.

MALCOLM
Come along, your parents are probably wondering where you are.

Wendy nods, muttering.

WENDY
Yes, brother elf.

She smiles and trots after the man.

40. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 40

Inside the Potter apartment, things are pretty much in order. A dozen or so boxes still stand unpacked at the far end of the living room but, for the most part, things are in place. Harry junior is already in front of the TV.

(We can use existing footage from a film library here, either from Siegfried or some other film. We can add appropriate sound effects over the footage.) On the screen, a knight is dismounting from his steed and drawing his sword. He comes face to face with a snarling dragon. He blesses himself and runs into battle.

Wendy walks through the living room, clutching her ball. She pauses as she passes the TV set.

WENDY
That's not the way it's done.

She walks off, leaving Harry junior, puzzled, sitting before the television. His mother walks over to him.

ANNE
Harry, will you turn that off for a moment and go down to the corner store? Wendy has invited a little friend over for dinner. We'll need more milk.

HARRY JR.
Huh? Oh, sure mom.

ANNE
Maybe Wendy will want to go with you.

HARRY JR.
No! No. That's all right. I don't mind going by myself.

ANNE
Nonsense. Wendy? Why don't you walk to the store with your brother.

TROLL

40. CONTINUED: 40

Silence.

ANNE
Honey?

41. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, DAY 41

The troll is sitting in Wendy's bed gazing out the window.

42. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY, WENDY'S POV 42

Taybor is walking into the building, baseball glove in hand.

43. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 43

Anne walks towards the bedroom door.

ANNE
Wendy?

Anne puts her hand on the doorknob.

44. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, DAY 44

The troll spins around and faces the door, snarling.

CUT TO:
Anne pushes the door open.

ANNE
Didn't you hear me calling you, honey?

Little Wendy is sitting innocently on the bed.

WENDY
No mom.

ANNE
Harry is going to get some milk for your friend. Do you want to walk with him?

WENDY
No. I think I'll stay here and...play.

45. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 45

Anne backs out of the bedroom and hands Harry a few dollars.

ANNE
Here. Your sister doesn't want to go.

Harry and his mother walk towards the front door.

45. CONTINUED: 45

HARRY JR.
Mom?

ANNE
Yes, dear?

HARRY JR.
What's wrong with Wendy?

ANNE
What do you mean?

HARRY JR.
She's not...she's different.

ANNE
How?

HARRY JR.
I-I don't know. She's just not acting right.

ANNE
I think it's the excitement of the move, honey. She'll be back to normal soon.

HARRY JR.
Do you think she should see a doctor?

ANNE
Let's give her a little time, ok?

HARRY JR.
I'd call a doctor.

ANNE
You worry too much, Harry.

His mother walks away. Harry grabs the door and is about to open it when he feels someone behind him. He turns around and finds his sister standing there, grinning.

WENDY
You worry too much, Harry.

45. INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Harry flings open the door and runs into the hall. On his way out, he passes Taybor on the way in.

BARRY
How's it goin', champ?

Harry darts by him without uttering a word. Barry shakes his head as he puts the key in his door.

BARRY
Weird kid. Probably reads a lot.

Taybor enters his apartment.

46. INT. TAYBOR APARTMENT, DAY 46

Taybor steps inside his home. It's a mucho macho apartment dwelling with various guns and weaponry mounted on the walls. There are sports trophies and animal heads. Portraits of Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and J. Edgar Hoover. Service medals are framed and hung on the walls. Lush, tropical plants are everywhere. The ambiance of the place is straight out of Tarzan's New York Adventure.

There is a knock at the door.

Taybor walks over and opens it. Little Wendy-Anne stands there, innocently.

BARRY
Why, hello there.

WENDY
Hello.

BARRY
You must be Harry's daughter, right?

WENDY
Right.

BARRY
What can I do for you?

Wendy grins and strolls into the house without saying a word.

WENDY
I need advice.

Taybor positively beams.

BARRY
Well, if you need advice, you've come to the right guy. Uncle Duke has seen a lot, little missy. He's traveled all around the world dozens of times. He's looked death right in the face.

WENDY
What did it look like?

BARRY
What?

WENDY
What did death look like?

BARRY
Well, um, it's sort of hard to explain. Besides, you're too young to understand.

Barry turns his back on the child and moves to put his baseball mit in a clothes closet.

WENDY
I understand.

BARRY (his back towards Wendy)
Oh you do, do you?

WENDY
I know what death looks like.

BARRY
Really?

WENDY (her voice turning into a hiss on the last syllable)
It looks like....<u>thisssssss.</u>

Taybor whirls around and is confronted by the snarling troll.

TAYBOR
What the fuck?

The troll leaps up and grabs the man around the neck. Barry with an almost superhuman effort, wrestles the hands from around him and tosses the troll down onto the floor. The creature rolls across the room, snarling. It lands on its feet on the far side of the living room.

TAYBOR
Who are you?

The troll grins and shrugs its shoulders. It slowly approaches for the kill, grinning and flicking its switchblade ring.

TAYBOR
What are you?

The troll snarls.

Taybor runs to a wall rack and takes a hunting rifle from its perch. He quickly checks to see if its loaded. It is. He raises it towards the creature.

TAYBOR
Keep it up and you'll wind up on my wall.

CUT TO:

47. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 47

Harry senior walks into the living room and notices that no one is around. Making sure he doesn't have an audience, he walks over to one of the packed boxes, slices it open and removes the very first Blue Cheer album, Vincebus Eruptum. Blue Cheer was one of the loudest, most atonal and brain damaged acid-rock bands of the 1960s, producing a sound that resembles the soundtrack of the movie When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth.

Harry senior gently puts the record on the turntable, turns the volume up to Concorde jet volume and listens to the song "Summertime Blues ". The guitar line screams across the living room. "Whompom dowwwww, whompom dowwwww, whompom dowwwww."

48. INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY 48

As the guitar line "whoommmppps" out of the speaker, Anne sighs and watches the clean dishes she has just stacked up, cascade over into the water-filled sink. Cups are rattling in their saucers. She shakes her head and walks into the living room where...

49. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 49

Harry senior, unaware he is being spied upon, is dancing across the room like a thirteen year old heavy metal fan, flailing away at an invisible guitar as the stereo blasts "wayull mah mamapoppa tell me son yoooo gotttooo oin sum moneeeeee..."

Anne just smiles, shakes her head, and returns to the kitchen.

50. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 50

Eunice is at her easel, painting, the mushroom at her side.

51. INT. TAYBOR APARTMENT, DAY 51

The stand-off is still going on. Taybor is holding the gun up towards the troll. The troll is standing, paralyzed in the center of the living room. The troll charges. Taybor raises the gun.

BARRY
Stand back!

The troll advances. Taybor fires.
Once.
Twice.
Three times.
The bullets smack into the troll and seem to pass right through its body.

Harry senior continues to flail away at his invisible guitar, his music roaring.

SCENE 52A. INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY

The dishes continue to vibrate from the noise. Anne is now covertly swaying to the brash music as well.
She is carefully rewashing the dishes and stacking them so, now, they tumble away from the sink and onto an awaiting rubber pad.

53. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 53

The old woman stops painting for a second and gasps. She shudders. The mushroom quivers in its pot, uttering a shrill "oh-ohhhh." Eunice glances at the mushroom.

EUNICE
It's almost time, my little friend.

She begins painting again.

54. INT. TAYBOR APARTMENT, DAY 54

Barry stands, quaking before the snarling troll. The troll grabs the gun out of the hunter's hand and bends it into horseshoe shape. It tosses it away.

The troll grabs the man by the leg and yanks him onto the ground. The man begins whimpering and whining.

BARRY
Noooooooooooooo.

55. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY 55

Harry junior enters the hallway and hears his father's loud music. He approaches the apartment door. He hears Taybor scream. Harry junior panics and runs for his front door. Taybor screams again. A long, plaintive howl that is abruptly cut off.

Harry junior tries his own front door. It's locked. He bangs on the door. He rings the bell.

56. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 56

Harry senior continues to dance.

57. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY 57

Harry junior is leaning on the buzzer. A light appears from behind him. He stiffens and slowly turns. Taybor's apartment door opens very slowly and Wendy strolls out. She closes the door behind her and smiles at her petrified brother.

She silently walks up to her brother. She thrusts out her hand, her ring sparkling. Harry junior's eyes almost bug out of his head. The little hand darts safely by Harry and grabs the doorknob of their apartment. She calmly opens the door with a

57. CONTINUED: 57

flourish. She walks inside the apartment. Harry junior passes out.

58. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 58

Wendy calmly walks into the living room. Harry senior is still dancing. She taps her father on the leg. He stops awkwardly and turns down the stereo, obviously embarrassed at being caught acting unfatherly.

HARRY SR.
Uh, hi honey. Daddy was just doing some exercises. Aerobics...Why are you staring at me like that? What's the matter?

WENDY
Harry is sick.

HARRY SR.
What do you mean?

WENDY
He fell down in the hallway asleep.

HARRY SR. (running to the open door)
Harry? Oh my god, Harry?

CUT TO:

59. EXT. BUILDING HALLWAY, DAY 59

The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in on the door marked 1B.

60. INT. TAYBOR APARTMENT, DAY 60

Inside of Taybor's apartment, Taybor's husk has already erupted into streams of green roots. The place is, appropriately enough for our closet great white hunter, a jungleland. The fairies are beginning to clambor out. The first out is a short, squat, horned creature with the same time of facial mannerisms and posture as Taybor. Other creatures follow him out of the husk. A pig gnome. Another creature. Another. And another. Green sprouts continue to slither out of the husk as well.

61. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, DAY 61

Harry senior carries his son into the bedroom. Harry gently puts his son to bed.

ANNE
What happened?

61. CONTINUED: 61

HARRY SR.
He passed out. Get me a damp washcloth.

ANNE
Is he feverish?

HARRY SR.
No.

ANNE
I don't understand any of this.

62. INT. TAYBOR APARTMENT, DAY 62

Taybor's pad is now a thick, lush, jungle fairlyland, replete with little creatures cavorting about.

63. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, DAY 63

Harry junior is in bed. His worried father is at his side.

HARRY SR.
Are you sure you're all right, captain?

HARRY JR.
All systems are go, sir.

HARRY SR.
You warp factor seemed a little pooped out just now.

HARRY JR.
I'll be ok, dad.

HARRY SR. (genuinely concerned)
Well, just take it easy there, kiddo. Your mom will bring in some grub soon.

Harry senior gets up to leave.

HARRY JR.
Dad?

HARRY SR.
Yes, son?

HARRY JR.
Do me a favor? Don't let Wendy in here, OK?

Harry senior gives his son a puzzled look.

63. CONTINUED: 63

HARRY JR.
I mean, if I'm sick or something, I wouldn't want her to catch anything. She's just a little kid, you know?

Harry senior grins at his son.

HARRY SR.
You got it.

He leaves the room, shutting the door behind him. Harry junior settles down in bed and pulls out a copy of FANTASTIC FILMS out from underneath his pillow. He pulls a small, black and white TV set up from the floor and places it on his mattress. He turns it on. A science fiction movie begins....

INVASION OF THE POD PEOPLE FROM MARS.....

64. INT. POTTER HOUSE, NIGHT 64

Anne is finishing setting the dining room table for guests.

ANNE
What time did you tell your little friend to arrive, dear?

WENDY
Seven, mother.

ANNE
Well, it's almost seven now...

The doorbell rings.

ANNE
What's your little friend's name?

WENDY
Malcolm.

Harry walks over to the door and swings it open. Malcolm is standing there, a bottle of wine under his arm. Harry is startled. He doesn't know whether to laugh out loud or not.

MALCOLM
Hello. I'm Malcolm Malory.

He extends a hand upward.

HARRY SR.
Hello. I'm...I'm surprised.

They shake hands.

MALCOLM
I thought you might be, Mr. Potter.

HARRY SR.
Harry. Please, come in.

ANNE
Has Wendy's little friend arrived?

HARRY SR.
Anne, uh...

Malcolm walks into the apartment. Anne is proudly holding a helping of chocolate milk in a clown glass forward.

MALCOLM
Yes, I have, Mrs. Potter.

Anne is stunned. Malcolm is grinning.

ANNE
Oh, I'm sorry. Wendy didn't....

MALCOLM
Children seldom do, Mrs. Potter.

Wendy runs forward, her arms outstretched and gives Malcolm a hug.

WENDY
Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Hello, Wendy.

Anne is still clutching her bozo glass. Malcolm hands her the wine.

MALCOLM
As much as I like chocolate milk, Mrs. Potter.

HARRY SR.
No sweat, Malcolm. Would you like a quick one before dinner?

MALCOLM
A gin and tonic would be fine, Harry.

Ann is still a little out of it.

ANNE
You're...you're....

MALCOLM
A professor of English, Mrs. Potter.

64. CONTINUED: 6

HARRY SR.
Anne.

MALCOLM
Anne.

HARRY SR.
You can put the milk down now, honey. Malcolm is allowed to drink.

MALCOLM
I brought a note from my mother.

Anne shakes her head and begins to laugh. Wendy is grinning at the entire set-up. As Harry mixes Malcolm a drink, the little examines Harry's half-unpacked record collection.

MALCOLM
Wow. I haven't seen a Blues Magoos album in years.

HARRY SR.
Shhhh. The kid will think I'm old.

MALCOLM
Where's your little boy? Wendy told me she had an older brother.

HARRY SR.
Harry junior. He had a fainting spell. He's in his room resting.

MALCOLM
Nothing serious, I hope.

HARRY SR.
I don't think so. Just the excitement of the move.

65. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, NIGHT 65

Harry junior is sitting in his bed, paying close attention to the TV.

On the screen an actor and an actress face each other, dead serious, dressed in 1950s clothes.

ACTOR
That isn't Spot, our pet, Nancy. That's something that looks like Spot. Acts like Spot. Even smells like Spot. But, in, reality...it's a <u>Martian</u>.

ACTRESS

65. CONTINUED: 6

You mean.....?

ACTOR
Yes. Our dog is.....a pod person from the planet Mars!!!!!

The orchestra hits a solid chord.

Harry junior sits, mesmerized, in front of the TV. He glances to the bureau on his right. A picture of himself and Wendy-Anne sit there. He looks at the picture and shivers.

66. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, NIGHT 66

At the dining room table, Malcolm is finishing up a monlogue.

MALCOLM
Actually, after I got my degree, I wound up traveling with a circus for a while. They needed a person for some clown gags. I was good at acrobatics. It seemed like fun and the pay was good so...

HARRY SR.
Neat. I always wanted to run away with the circus when I was a kid.

ANNE
Me too.

HARRY SR.
How about you, Wendy?

ANNE
Me, too.

Harry Sr., raising a cup of coffee to his lips, nearly spits i up, looking at his wife, both amused and startled.

ANNE (playfully retreating)
Well, maybe not run away...but visit for a while...not a long while.

HARRY SR. (to Wendy)
Ever want to run off with the circus, Wendy?

66. CONTINUED:

66

WENDY
No.

HARRY SR. (laughing)
Well, that sounded definite.

WENDY
Read to us, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Well, I'm not sure that your parents would...

WENDY
You promised....

HARRY SR.
What has she roped you into, Malcolm?

66. CONTINUED 66

MALCOLM
Well, your daughter has asked me to recite a pretty long piece....

HARRY SR.
Hey, a promise is a promise.

MALCOLM
Maybe I could recite just a little bit of it.

ANNE
What did Wendy ask you to perform?

MALCOLM
The Fairy Queen.

HARRY SR. (impressed to Wendy)
Heady stuff, squirt.

ANNE
Why not? Her dad's a great writer.

HARRY SR.
Whenever you're ready, Malcolm.

Malcolm clears his throat.

MALCOLM
Now, remember. This was written a long time ago and the language is a little...

WENDY
We know. We know.

Malcolm sits up straight. The room grows still.

MALCOLM
A gentle knight was riding across the plain...
All clad in mighty arms and silver shield...
Wherein old dints and deep wounds did remain..
The cruel marks of many a bloody field...

CUT TO:

67. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, NIGHT 67

The CAMERA ZOOMS in on the door to 1B as Malcolm intones.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Yet armies till that time did he never wield...
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit...

68. INT. TAYBOR'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 68

Malcolm's voice fades as we see, inside Taybor's apartment, the tiny fairies are preparing for something. They are breaking out and distributing large clubs, complete with spiked ends. One fairy, pig-like, steps up to a fellow creature and puts his arm around the shoulder of his pal. Both of them begin to sing in a high, but melodic voice. Their melody is hypnotic, almost religious. They chirp away in unison.

69. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, NIGHT 69

At the dinner table, Wendy shudders, hearing the tune while Malcolm drones on.

MALCOLM
Upon a great adventure he was bound...
That fairest Gloriana to him gave...
That greatest Glorious Queen of Fairy Land...

70. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 70

Eunice is at her painting. She hears the tiny melody and gives a start. Her mushroom friend screeches and buries its head in its clay pot. Eunice cocks her head and listens.

71. EXT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR 71

The CAMERA moves in on Dickinson's apartment, 2A.

72. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 72

Inside Dickinson's apartment, the cavern fairies hear the tune. The spiderlike buddah smiles. Another fairy steps to the foreground and begins singing the hymn in reply.

73. INT. TAYBOR'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 73

The fairies in Barry's jungleland hear it and reply in kind.

74-78. INT TAYBOR'S, DICKINSON'S APARTMENTS 74-78

Rapid CUTTING between the two fairylands as the two sets of fairies begin singing similar melodies. At first they take turns singing line for line. Eventually, the melody becomes one with the various singers performing the song in exotic harmony.

79. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 79

Eunice puts down her brush and walks into her living room. She sinks into a chair with a sigh. Above the chair is a painting of an old wizard with a long flowing beard and a young, enchanting woman. The woman looks like a younger version of Eunice. Eunice

79. CONTINUED:

turns and faces the mushroom, whose pot is now, and very mysteriously, perched on a table next to the chair.

EUNICE
It's starting again, Galwyn.

80-81. INT. DICKINSON'S, TAYBOR'S APARTMENT 80-81

The two sets of fairies are singing up a musical storm.

82. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, NIGHT 82

The melody echoes in little Wendy's head as Malcolm continues.

MALCOLM
Now when that idel dream was to him brought...
Unto that Elfin knight he bade him fly...
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought...
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy...

83. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 83

Eunice abruptly stands and walks over to a corner where a large horn stands. She holds the horn in her hand and puckers her lips, places the horn to her lips and blows into the instrument. She produces the craziest, shrillest, most atonal avant garde jazz riff heard since Miles Davis first broke with traditional jazz. The kind of playing that would make John Coltrane pinwheel in his grave.

Her mushroom pal chirps along atonally, giving it all he's got.

CUT TO:
84. INT. TAYBOR'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 84

The jungle fairies flee in terror at the sound.

CUT TO:
85. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 85

The cavern fairies scatter at the frightening noise.

CUT TO:
86. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, NIGHT 86

Wendy is drinking a glass of milk. She, and only she, hears the noise. She drops the milk and starts gagging, stopping Malcolm in mid-sentence.

MALCOLM
And she herself of beauty, sovereign Queen...

86. CONTINUED: 86

ANNE
Honey are you all right?

The girl continues coughing.

Following the direction: "the girl continues coughing."

Anne gets up and begins fussing over the girl. She straightens Wendy's glass, dabs up the puddle of milk from the table and wipes the milk splashes off Wendy.

ANNE
What has mommy told you about little sips...never gulps.

Anne smiles at Malcolm.

ANNE
She loves milk. Put a glass in front of her and she becomes a wild animal.

At the end of the word "animal," Wendy begins to really gag again, doing a slight double take at her mother.

87. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 87

Eunice takes the horn away from her lips. She tosses it down onto the sofa and walks out of the room, muttering.

EUNICE
That'll give the little suckers something to think about.

The mushroom creature smiles happily and chirps a definitive "uh-huh."

88. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, NIGHT 88

Harry junior is still in bed, mesmerized by what he sees on the television screen. On the TV, the 1950s couple are still chattering away.

ACTOR
That may look like your canary, Tweety, my dear...but it's not Tweety. It may sing like Tweety. It may molt like Tweety. It may even eat seed like Tweety but it's an alien.

ACTRESS
You mean?

ACTOR
Yes...your canary is a pod person from the planet Mars!!!!

Harry sits in bed and gazes at the screen , furrowing his brow thoughtfully.

SCENE 89; INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY 89

It's Sunday morning. Harry senior is sitting at the breakfast table, reading the paper. Anne is preparing breakfast. She is having trouble with the toaster. Every time she inserts two pieces of bread and pulls the toaster lever down, the lever shoots up again, popping the bread back up. She finally jams the lever down.

She backs away. It stays down.

Harry junior waddles out to the table and sits, rubbing his eyes. He is followed by Wendy.

HARRY SR.
Feeling better, captain?

HARRY JR.
Sure, dad.

Wendy reaches across the table and grabs Harry junior's orange juice.

HARRY JR.
Hey! That's mine.

WENDY
Now it's mine.

HARRY SR.
Wendy, give Harry back his juice.

WENDY
No.

ANNE
Give it back, dear. Mommy will pour you juice of your own.

WENDY
No.

HARRY SR.
Wendy. Listen to your mother.

The little girl defiantly takes the juice glass and pours the juice onto the floor.
Anne is shocked. Her father is anything but amused.

ANNE
Wendy!

HARRY SR.
That's it. Get back to bed.

Anne automatically begins wiping the mess up.

WENDY
But I'm hungry.

Harry senior walks over to the little girl, grabs her by her arm and yanks her from her chair. He is fully prepared to drag her out of the room.

HARRY SR.
Get back into your room...<u>now</u>.

ANNE
Honey...it's only a little juice.

Harry junior watches the unfolding scene with a very real sense of dread. He sees (and WE see) the strange, savage look which spreads across the face of the little girl. She bares her teeth to her father in a bizarre grimace. Harry senior, caught up in his anger, doesn't notice the transformation. He continues to grip her arm. Harry junior attempts to rescue his father.

HARRY JR.
Dad, <u>no</u>!

HARRY SR.
Huh?

HARRY JR.
It's ok. She's probably still not feeling well. Remember? The move and all?

Wendy's father stares at the little girl.

HARRY JR.
Really. It's ok. I don't care about the juice. Wendy's probably not feeling like herself this morning. I-I-promised Miss St. Clair I'd eat with her this morning anyway. She's old and lonely and...

Harry senior lets his little girl go and sullenly sits down at the table. He stares at his son, grunting.

HARRY SR.
You're going to make a wonderful father some day.

HARRY JR.
Yes, sir.

Harry senior picks up the Sunday paper again and holds it in front of his face in an effort to ward off reality.

The toast erupts from the toaster. It is charred black. Anne, gazing, first, at her fractured family at the juice-spattered table and, then, at the martyrd toast, emits a flustered sigh.

ANNE
I give up.

She sits down and picks up another section of the Sunday paper and holds it up before her as a shield.

Harry junior nervously picks at his food. Wendy stares at him, grinning.

90. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 90

Eunice is sitting in her apartment, listening to medieval music on the phonograph. Her omni-present mushroom is humming along. There is a knock on the door. The mushroom is covered by a lampshade again.

EUNICE
Come in, Harry.

Harry enters, hesitating at the door.

HARRY JR.
How did you know it was me?

EUNICE
I recognized the knock. It's pre-pubescent.

Harry sits down next to the old lady. She is still entranced by the music.

HARRY JR.
Eunice? Why are you here?

EUNICE
I don't get you.

90. CONTINUED: 90

HARRY JR.
Well. I mean. You're <u>different</u> aren't you?

EUNICE
I like to think so.

HARRY JR.
No. I mean. Look at all this <u>stuff</u>. It's not normal. You have a lot of... <u>things</u>...like kids do. Adults don't have neat things like this.

EUNICE
I like this <u>stuff</u>. I've had it for years.

HARRY JR.
Hundreds, I bet.

Eunice smiles thinly.

EUNICE
You're fishing, kid.

Harry junior fidgets in his chair.

HARRY JR.
Eunice? Are you a witch?

EUNICE (smiling)
Yeah. What of it?

HARRY JR.
Why are you here?

She puts an arm around the boy.

EUNICE
I'm here because I <u>have</u> to be.

91. INT. JEANEATTE'S APARTMENT, DAY

Jeanette is drying off after taking a bath. The doorbell ring
She tosses on a robe.

JEANETTE
I'm coming. I'm coming.

She opens the door and little Wendy stands there, a bouquet o
flowers in her hand.

WENDY
Hi. I picked these myself.

JEANETTE
Oh, honey, they're beautiful.

WENDY
So are you. My name's Wendy. I live
downstairs.

JEANETTE
I'm Jeanette.

WENDY
That's right.

Wendy smiles slightly and walks into the apartment. Jeanette
follows here, amused. She leaves the door to her apartment ope

WENDY
Can I have a glass of milk?

JEANETTE
Sure, hon.

Jeanette walks over to a dining bar which seperates her kitch
from the living room. She opens the refrigerator, removes a
of milk and pours out a glass.

Wendy walks through the apartment, scrutinizing everything. She
sees a picture of a little girl with a smiling older man.

WENDY
This is you!

JEANETTE
Uh-huh. I was about your age, then.

WENDY
That was a long time ago.

JEANETTE
Not <u>that</u> long.

WENDY
You were pretty.

Jeanette walks in with the milk.

JEANETTE
Thanks, I think.

She hands the little girl a glass of milk and sits on a sofa. Wendy continues to peruse the apartment. She comes to a photo of William.

WENDY
This is your...suitor?

Jeanette laughs, hearing the little girl brandish such a strange word.

JEANETTE
My boyfriend.

WENDY (suddenly)
He looks big...and stupid.

JEANETTE
That's a terrible thing to say.

WENDY
I'm sorry.

JEANETTE
He likes to think of himself as my Prince Charming.

WENDY
Hmmm. His hair is too short for a prince. Maybe a duke.

She walks over to Jeanette.

WENDY
You have nice hair.

JEANETTE
Thank you.

WENDY
You're still pretty for an older person.

JEANETTE
Well. I work at it. I work out.

WENDY
Work out where?

JEANETTE
The gym.

Wendy is confused.

WENDY
Is that Jim?

JEANETTE
No. That's William. The gym is a place. A place where people go to keep their bodies in shape.

WENDY (surprised)
You mean...you could change your shape if you didn't go there? Wizardry!

JEANETTE
I wish it was that easy, believe me. We exercise there. You know. One, two, three, four. It keeps us fit. It keeps us young. When you get older, your body changes. You get wrinkles and pot bellies and all sorts of silly things.

WENDY (distracted)
Beauty fades with age.

JEANETTE (taken aback)
What?

WENDY
Do you love William?

JEANETTE
I think so. I know so. And he loves me.

WENDY
And you want to be with him... forever?

JEANETTE
Well, forever is a long, long time.

WENDY
Yes...I know.

91. CONTINUED:

JEANETTE
I bet you do. You're a smart little girl, Wendy.

If you're asking me if I want to marry William...the answer is yes...

As soon as we get our careers off the ground. He has another year of law school and I'm still waitressing. Waiting for that big call from the studio saying, 'Hey, Jeanette. We're gonna make you a star.'

WENDY
You would make a good star. Your eyes twinkle.

JEANETTE
Want to be my manager?

Wendy finishes her milk. She smiles and shakes her head yes.

JEANETTE
In that case, wish me luck. I'm going for an audition this afternoon...and I have two strikes against me: I didn't work out this morning and I burned my hand at the diner last night.

She holds out her hand. Wendy looks at it.

WENDY
Your skin is beautiful. It should stay that way forever.

Jeanette laughs.

JEANETTE
You're talking like a manager already. I'm going to get dressed. Help yourself to another glass of milk if you'd like.

She goes into her bedroom. Wendy replaces the milk and walks over to the door.

WENDY (softly)
Beauty should stay...forever.

She quietly closes the door to the apartment. She then turns and faces the bedroom. She activates the thorny rings and walks forward.

92. INT. EUNICE'S KITCHEN, DAY 92

Harry is eating flapjacks as Eunice sips on a cup of coffee. The potted mushroom, now on the kitchen table, peeks out over its shade at Harry very casually. Harry doesn't really notice.

HARRY JR.
How did you become a witch?

EUNICE
I was a princess...but that seemed like a pretty dull thing to be.

HARRY JR.
A real princess?

EUNICE
No. A phoney one. Of course a real princess. Anyhow, I fell in love with a handsome young wizard. I figured if we were going to get married, it would be a good idea to have something in common. So, I studied magic with a great old man, Simon. I was a good student, too.

HARRY JR.
Could you teach me how to be a magician?

EUNICE
I could...but I don't think I'll have the time.

HARRY JR.
Why not? Are you going somewhere?

92. CONTINUED: 92

EUNICE
I don't know, kiddo. I just don't know.

HARRY JR.
You cook good pancakes.

EUNICE
They're made from nosey kids.

Harry laughs.

HARRY JR.
I'm starting to figure out when you're kidding around now.

Eunice laughs. So does the little mushroom. Harry spins and looks at the pot. By now the mushroom has ducked back down with a small "oh-oh."

EUNICE
How's your sister?

HARRY JR.
She's not my sister.

Eunice stiffens somewhat.

EUNICE
What do you mean?

HARRY JR.
I figured it all out. She looks like my sister. She acts like my sister. She even sounds like my sister but...

EUNICE
But...

HARRY JR.
She's an alien. She's a pod person from the planet Mars.

Eunice looks thoughtfully at her outstretched hands on the tabletop.

EUNICE
Close, but no cigar.

93. INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT, DAY 93

The troll is calmly sitting on a sofa in Jeanette's apartment. The entire place is a brightly colored fairyland. Only the couch

93. CONTINUED: 93

and a few pieces of furniture standing in the middle of the green grass betray the fact that this was once an ordinary apartment dwelling. There is a low moaning coming from behind the chair. The troll turns around and leans over the back of the couch, kneeling on a cushion.

Behind the couch, the husk that was once Jeanette is disgourging a small armie of fairies. The troll smiles. A gaggle of wee folk marches out of the husk. As the troll sits on the couch, the fairies begin to sing. A little winged girl fairy perches on a tree limb and begins to serenade the troll with a song. The troll smiles and, folding its hand on its lap, falls asleep on the couch as the fairies harmonize.

94. INT. EUNICE'S KITCHEN, DAY 94

Eunice is still chatting with young Harry.

EUNICE
When did you first notice that your sister was behaving strangely?

HARRY JR.
The day we moved in...Friday.

EUNICE
Yes. That would be when it would all have started. Do you know night Friday was?

HARRY JR.
Uh, the beginning of Star Trek weekend on channel 11?

EUNICE
Walpurgis night. The witches' sabbath. A day when the denizens of the unknown cavort...

HARRY JR.
Cavort?

EUNICE
Party hearty.

..94.EUNICE'S APT. LIVING ROOM.DAY
Eunice moves into the living room. The mushroom whistles after her. Eunice returns.

94 CON'T.

EUNICE
Oh, all right.

She retrieves the pot and brings the mushroom with her She removes the lampshade.

94. CONTINUED: 94

EUNICE
Harry, this is Galwyn. Galwyn, Harry Potter.

The mushroom smiles and purrs. Harry is stunned.

HARRY JR.
That's a mushroom!

EUNICE
He's seen better days.

The mushroom emits a small raspberry.

95. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 95

She begins prowling through her books.

EUNICE
This whole transformation process takes 72 hours. We don't have much time left.

Harry tags after her.

HARRY JR.
We don't?

EUNICE
Go back to your apartment and keep an eye on your sister.

HARRY JR.
Every adult in the world tells me that.

EUNICE
Well, I'm one adult who's telling you that for a good reason. You're sister isn't an alien. She's something much worse.

HARRY JR.
What it she?

EUNICE
I'll tell you later. We don't have time to chat right now.

HARRY JR.
But...

EUNICE
Scoot. Beat it. Now!

95. CONTINUED: 95

She pushes the boy out the door. She returns to her living room and takes a large staff off the wall. It is a golden rod with jewels littering its sides. The tip of it is pointed like a javelin.

EUNICE
All right, Torok. We'll play this one to the death!

CUT TO:

96. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 9

From the TROLL'S POV, we shut the door to 2B. We turn around and begin to lope down the hall, towards the stairway leading downstairs. We hear footsteps. We turn and run down the hall in the opposite direction. We hide behind a large potted plant sitting in the hallway and watch Jeanette's door carefully.

A young man comes up the stairs. He approaches Jeanette's door. He knocks. There is no reply. He rings the bell. Nothing. He knocks again.

WILLIAM
Jeanette?

No answer.

WILLIAM
Jeanette?

We HEAR the troll breathing heavily. We slowly start to lope towards the young man, slinking close to the wall. The man positions his body in front of the door so his back is toward us. We ease ourself closer and closer to the man. We are within striking distance, some five feet, when the sound of more footsteps interrupts our attack.

We back down the hall and position ourself behind the plant again as Malcolm appears at the head of the stairs.

MALCOLM
Need any help?

WILLIAM
Oh, hi. You must be the Professor.

MALCOLM
That I am.

WILLIAM
I'm William, Jeanette's friend?

MALCOLM
Oh, hi, Willy. What seems to be the problem?

96. CONTINUED: 96

WILLIAM
Jeanette was supposed to meet me a half hour ago for a volley ball game. She didn't show up. She didn't call to tell me she'd be late or anything.

MALCOLM
That doesn't sound like her.

WILLIAM
I know. I'm worried.

They both begin knocking on the door and ringing the buzzer.

MALCOLM
No one seems to be at home. Maybe she called you when you were gone.

WILLIAM
No. I checked my answering machine before I came over here.

96. CONTINUED: 96

WILLIAM
Let me try the bell one more time.

William rings the bell.

97. INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT, DAY 97

Inside the forest/apartment, the little fairies grow apprehensive. A full-sized, will-o'-the-wisp Jeanette appears from behind a tree and cocks her head inquisitively. The camera zooms in on her eyes.

98. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 98

We quickly CUT to William's forehead. The man reels backwards in the hall.

WILLIAM
Ouch.

MALCOLM
What's the matter?

WILLIAM
I just had a quick migraine. I felt like I was hit by a softball.

MALCOLM
Do you want an aspirin?

WILLIAM
No. I'll be all right. Thanks, though.

MALCOLM
If you need to use a phone, I'm right down the hall.

CUT TO:
99. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, TROLL'S POV 99

From behind the potted plant, we see Malcolm walk to the opposite end of the hallway, towards 2C. We then turn our attention to Jeanette's door. William stands before it, hesitating. He knocks one more time. Magically, the door opens.

CUT TO;
100. INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT, DAY 100

William enters the apartment. It seems normal enough. The furniture is all in place. Nothing is amiss. William walks to the

100. CONTINUED: 10(

center of the living room.

WILLIAM
Jeanette?

The ghostly figure of Jeantte appears from the bedroom. We go to a CLOSE-UP of William.

WILLIAM
There you are, I was worried sick about you...

A.100. EXT. FOREST-DAY

Suddenly, William sees the apartment as it really is. He finds himself in the middle of a forestland.

WILLIAM
What the?

The will-o'-the-wisp Jeanette laughs and runs deep inside the forest. William runs after her.

WILLIAM
Jeanette? What the hell is going on here?

William runs deeper and deeper inside the forest. The Jeanette fairy always stays ahead of him. The deeper into the forest she trots, the more fairylike she becomes; her human features gradually taking on a more etherial look. William not realizing what he's getting into plunges ever onward.

He comes to a stop in the middle of the forest. He has lost of his love. He hears strange, little voices from behind. h turns and spots an army of fairy creatures hot on his heels. Without thinking, he runs deeper into the fairyworld.

The fairies are in hot pursuit, crying out in shrill voices.

William, winded, stops for a moment to catch his breath. As he does so, a thunderous sound is heard. Trees high above him seem to crack and part. He gazes upward as a hideous shadow engulfs him. He turns to flee in the opposite direction.

He runs but a few yards before he skids to a stop.

Blocking his path is our smiling troll. The troll lifts his ring and flicks the switchblade open with a grin. William slowly back away. The troll advances. William screams. He turns and runs away. He doesn't get far. He halts dead in his tracks, gazing above him. A shadowshape advances and envelopes the screaming mortal.

101. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 1(

The troll stands behind the potted plant, a leer on its face. He

101. CONTINUED: 101

begins to lope down the hallway.

102. INT. HALLWAY, TROLL'S POV 102

Malcolm is standing in front of his door.

MALCOLM
Keys.

He reaches into his coat pocket. Nothing. He turns his back towards us.

MALCOLM
Keys. Keys. I know I have them somewhere.

The CAMERA breaks into a full-tilt run towards Malcolm, loping a the little man from behind.

Just as the CAMERA is about to reach him, he whirls and faces us.

CUT TO:

103. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 103

Malcolm is confronted by little Wendy.

WENDY
Hi Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Oh, hi Wendy. Feeling better today?

WENDY
Yes, thank you. Why are you standing in the hall, Malcolm?

MALCOLM
I locked myself out of the apartment and I can't seem to find my keys.

WENDY
The door's not locked, silly.

Wendy calmly opens the door and steps inside the apartment. Malcolm gives her a fishy look, smiles, shakes his head and follows her inside.

104. INT. MALCOLM'S APARTMENT, DAY 10-

The interior of Malcolm's abode is very professorial, looking a bit like a library annex. Books are everywhere.

MALCOLM
Do you want some juice?

104. CONTINUED: 104

WENDY
Yes, thank you.

MALCOLM (exiting to kitchen)
Orange or apple.

WENDY
Apple.

Wendy wanders around the living room. The overall feeling of the place is quiet and serene. You can imagine curling up in front o: Malcolm's fireplace on a cold night and feeling perfectly comfy. It has a lived in feel to it that makes it seem more than an apartment. It's sort of a slice of Norman Rockwell Americana dropped into a southern California building.

WENDY
I like your house, Malcolm.

MALCOLM (entering with juice)
Thanks.

WENDY (half to herself)
You seem at peace with the world around you.

Malcolm isn't sure he's heard correctly. That's certainly not th sort of line you expect from a six-year-old.

MALCOLM
What?

WENDY
I said it looks neat.

MALCOLM
Oh. Yeah.

The little man hands the girl the juice and sinks into a large, overstuffed chair. Wendy continues to prowl around, checking out the old books and stuff.

WENDY
Are you all right, Malcolm?

MALCOLM
Sure, hon.

WENDY
You're fibbing.

MALCOLM
A little.

The little girl stands before him, scrutinizing him intensely. She is suddenly shocked.

WENDY
Malcolm! You're very sick!

MALCOLM (smiling weakly)
Does it show?

WENDY
No. But I can tell.

MALCOLM
I bet you can. Yes, dear Wendy. I am sick. Getting sicker. Every day...or so the x-rays say.

WENDY
What's the matter?

MALCOLM
It's very complicated, dear heart.

The doctors have big names for it but, if you ask me, this old body is just worn out.

WENDY
You're going to die?!

MALCOLM
Looks that way. Hey, do you want me to draw you a picture?

He takes a sketch pad out of a magazine rack next to the chair and begins to draw a big, funny-looking rabbit. Wendy walks behind him and watches his work from over his shoulder.

WENDY
But you can't die! You're too special.

MALCOLM
It's ok, love. To tell you the truth, I was getting a little tired of this body anyway. Do you want straight or floppy ears on this bunny?

WENDY
Um, floppy. Malcolm, remember when I asked you if you were an elf?

MALCOLM
Uh-huh.

104. CONTINUED: 104

WENDY
Did you ever want to be?

Malcolm pauses while drawing and smiles, remembering his childhood.

MALCOLM (resuming work)
Funny. I did really. When I was about your age, in fact. Maybe a little older. Doctors started talking to my parents about recessive genes. I thought they were talkin about pants...

The little girl slides down behind the chair and slowly arises...in the form of the troll.

Malcolm doesn't notice and continues his tale.

MALCOLM
It's funny what you think of when you're a child. I just didn't understand what was happening.

My parents told me 'Malcolm. You're just not going to grow any more.' I thought, 'wouldn't it be wonderful all this was happening to me because I was magic?' And not because I was sick? Sometimes I'd just sit in my room and daydream and wish that I could wake up the next morning in a land filled with unicorns and dragons and flying horses and people just as special as I was....

I kept on waiting for that to happen. I kept on waiting....

Malcolm pauses for a moment and stares out into space. The troll tenderly places its right hand on Malcolm's shoulder. Malcolm doesn't react.

The troll gently takes its left hand and raises it. The ring's dart is visable.

The little man doesn't move. It's almost as if he was expecting this to happen.

The troll gently sticks the ring's needle into the little man's neck. Malcolm stiffens. His face doesn't contort in horror and/o pain. Rather, it assumes a peaceful expression. Malcolm doesn't cry out. He doesn't utter a sound.

He slowly sinks down in the chair and tumbles onto the floor, out of our view.

104. CONTINUED: 104

The troll watches the little man. We hear Malcolm moan softly. The entire room seems to brighten in hue.

105. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 105

Eunice marches down the hallway, staff in hand. She pauses before the door to 2B, Jeanette's apartment. She knocks on the door.

EUNICE
Miss Cooper? Miss Cooper, are you there?

106. INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT, DAY 106

The horde of fairies inside, laugh and mimic Eunice's voice.

FAIRIES
Misssss Coooooper? Misssss Coooooper?

107. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 107

Eunice turns away, angry.

EUNICE
Damn. Too late!

She marches over to Dickinson's apartment and pounds on the door.

EUNICE
Dickinson. Are you awake?

108. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 108

The fairies scatter and hide behind rocks and mushrooms.

109. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 109

She storms off and heads for the stairwell.

EUNICE
Damn you, Torok. You're faster than I thought.

She gallops down the stairway and emerges in

110. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 1ST FLOOR, DAY 110

The hallway downstairs. She walks over to Taybor's apartment and bangs on the door.

EUNICE
Barry are you in there? Duke? Anybody home?

110. CONTINUED: 110

Harry senior opens his door, directly across from Taybor's portal and gapes at Eunice and her staff.

HARRY SR.
Hi there. Having problems?

EUNICE
Does it look like I'm having problems?

HARRY SR.
Out looking for whales to harpoon, are we?

EUNICE
You must be Harry's father. That would explain his interest in monster movies.

HARRY SR.
You should have seen me this morning before I shaved.

Eunice points to the door.

EUNICE
You haven't seen Jungle Jim lately have you?

HARRY SR.
Duke? No. Not since Friday.

EUNICE
Damn.

She stalks off towards the stairway.

HARRY SR.
What's the matter?

EUNICE
Nothing's the matter. The people in this building are all just disappearing from view, that's all. One by one.

HARRY SR.
Well, after all, it <u>is</u> the weekend.

EUNICE
Sure it is. And do you know what day the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima?

HARRY SR.
On a weekend, right?

110. CONTINUED: 110

EUNICE
I don't know. But it would be interesting to find out, wouldn't it?

She walks up the stairs leaving a perplexed Harry senior at the door.

111. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 111

Harry closes the door and stands there thoughtfully.

ANNE (o.s.)
Who was that, dear?

HARRY SR.
The wicked witch of the west. Honey. Have we unpacked the encyclopedia yet?

He is about to walk into another room when he notices Harry Jr. sitting on a straight-back wooden chair across the living room. Harry Jr. is gazing at the front door, a stern look on his face.

HARRY SR.
Looks comfy. What are you doing there?

HARRY JR.
Waiting for Wendy.

HARRY SR.
Why?

HARRY JR.
Because it's my job to watch her.

HARRY SR.
Don't you think you're carrying the big brother bit a little too far?

HARRY JR.
She's worse than a pod person, dad.

HARRY SR.
Huh?

HARRY JR.
She's a monster dad. She may look like Wendy. She may act like Wendy. She may dress like Wendy. But she's something else.

Harry senior slowly walks out of the room.

111. CONTINUED: 111

HARRY SR.
Honey. Did you do a lot of drugs before I met you?

112. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR 112

Eunice is banging on Malcolm's door.

EUNICE
Professor Malory? Are you all right?

Silence.

EUNICE (half to herself)
Answer me. Damn it. Answer me.

113. INT. MALCOLM'S APARTMENT, DAY 113

The inside of Malcolm's apartment is now a flower-laden fairyworld. The troll stands above the quivering husk. A small coven of fairies is emerging. Bright, wonderous sunlight is bathing the room. The troll snarls as Eunice's knocking echoes through the fairyland.

114. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, DAY 114

Getting no reply, Eunice turns and walks away.

115. INT. MALCOLM'S APARTMENT, DAY 115

The troll stands, grinning as the last fairy breaks out of the husk. A medieval melody seems to linger in the air and grows in intensity as a tiny hand breaks through. The light in the room grows positively beatific as the little creature emerges. Out comes a fairy that looks EXACTLY like Malcolm. The wee creature stands quivering before the husk. He looks at his hands. He looks at his body. He looks up at the troll.

The troll stands there, smiling. Is that a tear trickling down its wizened face? In a raspy voice, he utters the first words we hear emerge from his lips during the entire movie.

TROLL
Welcome home...brother elf.

It picks up the tiny Malcolm elf and places him on its shoulder as the husk transforms itself into a bower of wildflowers. Via stop motion, the wildfowers begin to spread. Malcolm's apartment is transforbed into a heaven on earth. The music builds and builds.

116. INT. BUILDING HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 116

From beneath Malcolm's apartment door, a beautiful glow, like that of a fantastic sunset, emerges.

117. INT. POTTER KITCHEN, NIGHT 117

The Potter family sits around the kitchen table. The children aren't speaking. They sit in silence, occasionally glaring at each other. Harry senior and Anne stare at each other, worried looks on their faces. Harry senior attempts to lighten the mood.

HARRY SR.
Great dinner, mom.

Silence.

HARRY SR.
Yes, sir, great dinner.

Wendy eats her dinner. Harry picks at his, watching every move his sister makes. When Wendy is aware that her brother is gazing at her, she eats in an exaggerated manner, chewing her food while flashing a triumphant grin.

HARRY SR.
Harry, you're not eating your dinner.

HARRY JR.
I am.

Harry continues to play with his food while staring at his sister. She, in turn, continues to flaunt her dining prowess.

HARRY SR.
I love family life. It reminds me of The Munsters.

Silence.

HARRY SR.
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to mourn the passing of our roast beef...

ANNE
Honey....

HARRY SR.
How about getting me some more coffee, Harry...if you can take your eyes off your sister?

HARRY JR. (urgently)
Dad.....

HARRY SR.
Just bring the pot over, ok?

HARRY JR.
Yes, sir.

Harry jr suddenly gets up and walks over to the stove. Wendy watches his every move. As Harry reaches for the pot, Wendy flashes a truly menacing grin.

The burner on the stove directly next to the coffee pot suddenly explodes into flames. The flames don't qute hit Harry's outstretched hand but they come damn close. Harry yelps and knocks the coffee pot over.

ANNE
Oh my god!

Harry senior leaps to his feet and grabs the boy, holding him close.

HARRY SR.
Are you ok?

ANNE
Does it hurt darling? Ket's see that arm.

HARRY JR
I'm fine mom.

WENDY
What happened, Harry?

Harry turns to his sister.

HARRY JR.
You know.

HARRY SR.
What do ypu mean she knows? These old stoves are a menace. I'll have someone check it out tomorrow.

Anne is on her feet,at her son's side.

HARRY JR.
She does know, dad. She does.
Eunice would believe me. Eunice would understand.

Harry jr. stares at his sister while his mother fusses over his arm. It isn't burnt. It isn't even signed. As Harry stares at Wendy, Wendy, takes a large hunk of meat and shoves it in her mouth with her fork. She chomps into it, smiling. Red juice

trickles down her chin.

Harry senior looks from his son to his daughter and sighs.

HARRY SR.
Why do I get the sneaky suspicion I'm losing my grip on reality?

Wendy smiles at her brother and her mother as they return to the table. Red juice is still dribbling all over her face as she chews on another piece of meat.

She swallows the meat with a resounding "glomp."

WENDY
I'm finished.

She makes a move to leave the table, still covered with meat sauce. Anne slides a bottle of flintstone vitamins in front of the feral kid.

ANNE
Don't forget to take your vitamin, dear.

Harry senior gives his wife a strange look...but not <u>that</u> strange. He has, after all, lost his grip on reality...such tnat it is.

118. INT. HALLWAYS, NIGHT 118

Ominous medieval music plays as the CAMERA reveals the hallways outside of Potter's apartment. The CAMERA is positioned at human eye level so we don't see the floor. The door to Taybor's apartment opens and closes. The CAMERA slowly begins to move towards the stairways leading to the second floor.

The CAMERA climbs the stairs and slowly moves down the second floor corridor. As it does so, the door to each of the apartments, to each one of the troll's victims' homes, opens and shuts.

The CAMERA moves to the stairway leading to the third floor. It climbs the stairs.

The CAMERA pauses at the end of the hallways on the third floor. It slowly moves towards Eunice's apartment.

119. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT 119

Eunice is finishing her painting her mushroom pal watching. We now see that the painting is different from the original scene we witnessed under the credits. On the far left hand side, we see the murderous troll, ripping someone in two. Eunice is getting drunk in a dignified manner, a decanter of brandy at her side.

EUNICE
I'm your last big obsticle, Torok.
I'll be damned if I'll let you win.

Silence.

Suddenly, scratching noises are heard coming from the door. It's the kind of scratching that usually means your dog or cat would like to come inside or go out. Eunice, however, doesn't have a pet. The mushroom shrieks and hides in its pot.

Eunice turns and faces the door.

The door handle is jiggling ominously. We hear tiny voices scream and screech and cackle. Eunice staggers to her feet, grabs her sceptre and calmly walks towards the door. Standing some ten feet away from the door, she points the staff in its direction. A bolt of blue lightning shoots out from its tip and hits the doorknob.

Shrill cries are heard from outside.

119. CONTINUED: 119

Eunice waits a beat.

Silence.

She stumbles over to the door, puts her hand on the still smoldering doorknob and, without hesitating, yanks it open.

There is nothing outside in the hallway.

Well...almost nothing.

Eunice bends down and, from her own welcome mat, picks up a small club, some four inches long. It is smoldering.

Eunice smiles and closes the door behind her.

EUNICE
Hide yourselves now, my mini- monsters. Tomorrow you'll fry for good.

She returns to her painting, touching up the troll. The mushroom resurfaces, chuckling.

EUNICE
And if you harm one hair on young Harry's head tonight, Torok, I'll make your life a living hell for all eternity.

120. INT. POTTER BEDROOM, NIGHT 120

A still-agitated Harry junior is being tucked into bed by his father. Harry's bedroom is against a wall. Across the room, next to a window, is Wendy-Anne's bed. Wendy is being tucked into her bed by her mother.

HARRY SR.
You were lucky before, son. You could have gotten a nasty burn.

HARRY JR.
I suppose.

Harry senior leans forward and whispers to his son.

HARRY SR.
You can't blame your sister for it, Harry. That doesn't make any sense.

Harry junior says nothing. His father motions to the little girl being tucked in.

HARRY SR.
Look at her. She's just a little girl.

Harry junior says nothing. His father gives up.

HARRY SR.
We'll talk about it in the morning, ok?

Anne walks over to Harry junior's bed.

ANNE
How are you feeling, dear?

HARRY JR.
Just fine, thank you.

Anne kisses Harry on the forehead while Harry senior gives Wendy a peck on the cheek. Both the parents head for the door.

HARRY SR./ANNE
Goodnight, you guys.
Sleep tight.

WENDY (exaggerated)
Goodnight mommy. Goodnight daddy.

HARRY JR.
G'night.

Harry senior and Anne turn off the light and exit the room, closing the door behind them. Harry bravely lies in his bed staring at the ceiling. He is bathed in the glow of the full moon coming in through the window.

During the following scene, we will often CUT BACK TO Harry junior lying in bed, his head on the right side of the screen, a copy of The Twilight Zone magazine perched on a night table directly to the left.

Harry lies there, the magazine next to his head. He is petrified, his eyes wide open. The shadow of his sister is on the wall next to his bed. She is sitting up in her bed. Harry watches as the shadow arises and slowly walks towards him.

We HEAR the little girl walking across the room.

We WATCH the shadow on the wall grow nearer.

Harry doesn't look in his sister's direction. He is petrified. Her approach seems to take forever.

The shadow grows nearer.

The footsteps echo in the room.

We SEE the shadow extend a hand.

120. CONTINUED 120

The shadow of the outstretched arm falls over Harry's face.

Harry's head is on the one side of the screen, the magazine is on the other. The hand enters the frame from screen left. It pauses above Harry and the magazine. It lowers itself towards Harry's head. It grabs the magazine and slowly pulls it off the night table top.

Harry is almost shaking.

The little girl retreats.

We watch her shadow head back for her bed. We see the shadow sit in the bed and open the magazine. Wendy begins reading the magazine by the moonlight.

Harry, for the first time, turns his head around to face his sister. His mouth opens, forming a large, silent oval.

There, sitting in his sister's bed, is the troll, casually thumbing through the copy of The Twilight Zone magazine. The troll looks up at the frightened boy and grins menacingly.

Harry slams his eyes shut and holds them that way for two beats. He then opens them and gazes at his sister's bed.

Human Wendy is now sitting there, magazing in hand, grinning at her brother. She raises her ringed hand and waves at her brother.

WENDY
Night night.

Harry turns his head to face the ceiling and slowly pulls the covers up over his head, the girl giggling softly in the background.

The light on the cover slowly grows brighter.

HARRY SR. (o.s.)
Breakfast.

Harry junior lowers the covers. He has been awake all night. He glances over at his sister's bed. It is empty.

He tosses on some clothes and dashes out the door.

SCENE 121: INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY 121

Harry senior is sitting at the breakfast table with Wendy. Anne is slowly watching smoke curl up from the toaster.

ANNE
Are you sure you fixed this?

HARRY SR.
Positively.

The toast pops up. It's black. Anne gingerly lifts the toast up and puts it on a plate. She slides it in front of Harry Sr. He grabs the toast automatically. He then notices that it's charred. He smiles meekly at his wife.

HARRY SR.
I like it crispy.

He takes a bite out of it. It almost crumbles to ashes.

Harry junior runs through the kitchen where his parents and Wendy are sitting.

HARRY JR.
Can't stop. I'm having breakfast with Eunice.

121. CONTINUED 121

His parents are startled. Wendy's face freezes.

122. INT. HALLWAYS, DAY 122

The CAMERA follows Harry junior as he slowly makes his way up to the third floor.

Outside his own apartment, he hears strange, jungle like music coming from Taybor's apartment. It is very faint. Very eerie.

A.122. INT. HALLYWAY, 2ND FLOOR. DAY

On the second floor, he hears the same melody he heard in Taybor's apartment but being played in three different musical modes as he passes each one of the victims' doors.

He pauses before Dickinson's apartment and listens.

123. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 123

Inside, the spider-buddah and his minons are dancing to the tune which is wafting through the air in a low, ominous rumble; a mode that is fitting for the cavernous look of the place.

124. EXT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 124

Harry junior presses his ear to the door. The music ceases. It ceases in the other apartments, too.

Harry begins walking towards the stairway at the end of the hall. A blast of wind hits him smack in the face. He is startled. The wind is cold and the gust is strong enough to muss his hair.

Dead silence.

The floor of the hall seems to creak and shift under his weight.

125. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY 125

Inside Dickinson's flat, the buddah-spider smiles as roots slowly shoot out of his cavern directly at the CAMERA.

126. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 126

Harry hears a terrible noise. It's as if a wall was being torn down with a resounding crash. He freezes and presses his ear against the door to Jeanette's apartment.

127. INT. JEANETTE'S APARTMENT, DAY 127

The Jeanette fairy grins as a wad of large roots tumble into her domain. From behind the roots, the buddah-spider and the fairies from Dickinson's apartment appear.

128. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 128

Harry stares at the floor beneath Jeanette's door. Small roots are slithering forth. Harry runs for the end of the hall. Wildflowers are creeping out from beneath Malcolm's doorway. Harry rounds the corner and dives up the stairs leading to the third floor.

129. INT. HALLWAY, 3RD FLOOR, DAY 129

Harry heads for Eunice's door. The door is open. He runs inside.

130. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 130

Eunice is inside, lugging a stack of books into the living room.

EUNICE
There's hot cocoa and a sweet roll on the table in the kitchen.

HARRY JR.
How did you know that...

EUNICE
You told your parents you were coming here for breakfast, right? Well, I don't hang around with liars.

The boy runs into the kitchen, emerging with the food and sits at Eunice's feet. Eunice has eased herself into a large, throne-like chair in the living room. An ancient, oak table is before her, strewn with books. She is silent, thumbing through old volumes. Her mushroom pal looks on, perched next to the books.

HARRY JR.
I saw Wendy last night. Like she <u>really</u> is...when she's not Wendy, I mean.

Eunice continues thumbing through an old volume.

EUNICE
Oh, you did, did you?

HARRY JR.
Yeah. She was horrible. She had a beaky nose and long, nasty fingers. She was wrinkling the hell out of my magazine cover, too.

Eunice flips open the book and holds it before Harry. There's a painting of the troll inside.

EUNICE
Looked just like that, right?

130. CONTINUED: 130

HARRY JR.
Yeah, how did you know?

EUNICE
That's a troll, Harry boy. Or, more specifically, that Torok the troll.

HARRY JR.
What's a troll?

The mushroom creature whistles in disbelief. You don't know what a troll is?

EUNICE
A fairy, of sorts. Mean. Very strong.

HARRY JR.
And pretty ugly.

EUNICE
In days of old, they mostly lived in dark places. Under bridges, in caves, shadowy forests. These days, old Torok has gone suburban. He loves cellers, garages, laundry rooms.

HARRY JR.
I don't get you.

EUNICE
Look. I'll make this breif.

Harry stands and Eunice pulls another book near her. She opens it up. There's a portrait of a beautiful woman and a handsome man in medieval garb.

HARRY JR.
That looks like you.

EUNICE
It is me. And that's Torok...

HARRY JR.
But I thought that Torok...

EUNICE
Can the chatter and listen up.

She flips the book pages during this monologue. Different scenes are illustrated with different pictures. Three, maybe four in all.

130. CONTINUED: 130

EUNICE
Before there were countries, before there were presidents, there was just the world. One, big place. And in this place, there were fairies and there were humans.

A painting of fairies romping is shown. Depending on time, inclination and/or budget, we can bring each "painting" to life as Eunice describes the scene.

EUNICE
For years, the fairy kingdom was the bigger of the two but, gradually, humans grew in number...

HARRY JR.
When was all this?

EUNICE
Before you were born. The leaders of both kingdoms agreed that the world would be divided equally between the two. No one side would rule the other.

A painting of some evil looking fairies scheming together.

EUNICE
But that didn't sit well with some fairies. They wanted control of the world...so there was a great war.

A painting of fairies fighting knights in armor.

EUNICE
The good fairies sided with the humans... and the bad humans, Torok was one, sided with the evil fairies.

The humans won, the rebel fairies were condemned to darkness.

HARRY JR.
And Torok was turned into a troll?

EUNICE
For all eternity. But he vowed revenge. He still wants to take over the world with his fairy army. That's why he's here.

HARRY JR.
And that's why you're here? To stop him?

EUNICE
That's my job kiddo.

HARRY JR 78
But why here?

EUNICE 130
Because this is the place where the magic happens...

HARRY JR
How?

131. INT. FAIRYWORLD, VARIOUS ANGLES, DAY 131

As Eunice explains, we see the various fairyland apartments meeting and coverging. This will be done by tossing elements of one apartment (ie. wildflowers) into another (ie. the cavern). We will see the fairies intermingling.

EUNICE (v.o.)
I'm not quite sure but what I suspect is that he's going from apartment to apartment and transforming sections of this building into different fairy worlds, When he has succeeded in transforming them all, a single fairy universe will be formed within this building, filled with all his old,. fairy pals. When that's done, that universe'll burst forth...like a fourth dimension..and take over the world.

HARRY JR. (v.o.)
And what about the people of the world?

EUNICE (v.o.)
Kaput. Finito.

HARRY JR. (v.o.)
I don't understand French.

All during this conversation, we see the different fairies meeting. Malcolm's wildflowers spill over into the buddah-spider's cavern realm. The Taybor creature appears from a small collection of tropical plants. The winged fairy is perched on a tree that dovetails into a lush, forestland.

131A.INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 131A

Eunice arises from the table, closing the books.

EUNICE
There won't be any more people. Just elves and goblins and trolls and...

HARRY JR. (impressed)
This is worse than Invasion of the Pod People from Mars

131A. CONTINUED: 131A

EUNICE
Not quite. I've seen that movie. It's really awful.

The mushroom utters a raspberry.
Eunice surveys a wall filled with strange medieval weaponry.
Harry tags along.

HARRY JR.
What about Wendy?

EUNICE
She's alive...somewhere.

HARRY JR.
How can you be sure?

EUNICE
Well, when Torok wipes out humanity, he'll save one token speciman...a fair-haired maiden, pure of heart, who will serve as the Princess of the Fairies.

HARRY JR.
Wendy? The real Wendy?

EUNICE
You're smarter than you look.

HARRY JR.
But why would he want her? She's not very pretty. Of course, she is short. I guess that's important when you're a fairy, huh?

Eunice removes a smaller version of her lance from the wall and examines it.

HARRY JR.
Does Torok know you're here?

EUNICE
Of course. That's probably why he picked this building.

HARRY JR.
You've fought him before?

EUNICE
Countless times. Now it looks as though it's time to slap him down again. Listen up. It's getting down to the wire. He has to complete his universe in three days or else he misses his cosmic chance.

EUNICE (cont.)
He's running out of time and apartments. Only two pieces are missing from his puzzle. My apartment and yours. Here.

She thrusts the lance into Harry's hands.

HARRY JR.
What's this?

EUNICE
In case I fail, you're going to have to save the world yourself, kid.

HARRY JR.
How?

EUNICE
Plunge this into the heart of Torok's universe.

HARRY JR.
Where will I find the heart?

EUNICE
Well, Torok is melodramatic. Just look for the most powerful creature around. It will be big. It will be ugly. It will not be pleased to see you.

Harry tries to lift the staff. It almost sends him toppling to the ground.

EUNICE
Come on, it's not <u>that</u> heavy.

HARRY JR.
I used to cut gym class a lot.

EUNICE
OK. Now take that weapon and scram. If I don't see you again, kick Torok's butt for me.

HARRY JR.
But you've always won before...

EUNICE
Yeah, well, history has a habit of being unpredictable. Now, shoo.

The boy backs out of the room.

HARRY JR.
Please take care of yourself, Eunice.

Eunice turns her back on the boy and faces the large painting of herself and her magician mentor hanging on the living room wall. We see only her back during the following exchange.

HARRY JR.
Eunice. I like you. You're my friend. I don't want anything to happen to you.

Eunice, still facing the painting, nods.

EUNICE
I like you, too, Harry boy. You're as valient as any knight. Nothing's going to happen to me, so piss off.

HARRY JR.
Thanks for the cocoa.

EUNICE
Any time.

HARRY JR.
See ya.

Harry leaves. Eunice turns towards the door, facing the CAMERA. She is now the beautiful woman in the painting.

EUNICE
I hope so, Harry boy. I hope so.

B.131 INT. EUNICE'S DOORWAY
She stands in her apartment doorway. A blast of cold, arctic air slams against her. She holds her ground, her long hair cascading behind her. She picks up her staff and walks out into the hall. The mushroom whines as she leaves the room.

132. INT. HALLWAY, 3RD FLOOR, DAY 132

Eunice strides down the hall towards the stairway leading to the 2nd floor. The wind is almost gale force.

EUNICE
All right, my love. Once more for old time's sake.

133. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 133

Harry senior is sitting reading a book when his son enters the apartment, carrying the lance. A blast of wind rips through the living room as Harry junior enters. Harry senior is slightly perplexed but he's more concerned with the weapon.

HARRY SR.
What's that?

HARRY JR.
Eunice gave it to me. Neat, huh?

HARRY SR.
It looks dangerous. Where did she get it?

HARRY JR.
I dunno. I think they used to kill dragons with it.

HARRY SR.
Well be careful with it. We don't need our sofa accidentally shiskebabbed.

HARRY JR.
Where's Wendy?

HARRY SR.
Playing at Professor Malory's.

Harry junior tenses somewhat.

He runs from the room, still dragging his lance.

133A INT. POTTER KITCHEN, DAY

Anne is mopping the floor when Harry junior comes in. The bottom of the lance is perched on the floor. Anne continues mopping, not even taking into account that her son is carrying a piece of medieval weaponry. When the mop comes near the lance, she doesn't flinch.

ANNE
Lift.

Harry junior automatically lifts the lance as the mop passes underneath it. He replaces it. The mop approaches again. He lifts automatically.

HARRY JR.
Can I borrow a chair?

Anne continues working.

ANNE
What for?

Harry thinks hard.

HARRY JR.
Uh, to sit on?

Anne continues working.

133A

ANNE
Uh-huh.

Harry drags both a chair and the lance out of the kitchen. After he leaves, Anne stops mopping for a moment and does a thoughtful take. She then shrugs and continues working.

133B INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY

Harry junior drags the the wooden chair in front of the door and sits there with his lance.

HARRY SR.
What are you doing?

HARRY JR.
Waiting.

HARRY SR.
For what?

Harry junior grins at his father.

HARRY JR.
A stray dragon.

Harry senior shakes his head and goes back to his book.

HARRY SR.
My son. The existential wit.

135. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 135

Eunice strides down the hall. Gale force winds buffet her. She holds the staff before her. She stands before Dickinson's apartment. She places the staff in front of the door. A blue lightning bolt erupts.

135. CONTINUED: 135

The door flies open.

136. INT. DICKINSON'S APARTMENT, DAY/NOCTURNAL FAIRYLAND 136

By now, Dickinson's apartment has melded with the rest of the flats. A seemingly endless fairyworld awaits Eunice. She cautiously steps inside. Winds howl. Lightning bolts illuminate the sky. (Offscreen if need be, budget-wise). Thunder peals.

EUNICE
Show yourself my love. It's Eunice.
Your dear...dear...Eunice.

She steps into the forestland. The winds cease. The thunder fades. The lightning recedes.

Silence.

She walks deeper into the forest. There is no sign of Torok.

There is no sign of the fairies.

Nothing.

EUNICE
Where are your little friends, Torok.
Are they hiding from me, too?

She walks deeper into the forest.

She slows her pace, sensing something.

She stands in the middle of the forest, glancing about. Something is wrong.

Very, very wrong.

A deafening roar literally shakes the ground beneath her. A vast shadow falls over the good witch.

EUNICE
Damn! I should have known.

An unseen <u>something</u> snatches the staff from her hand.

She turns and runs through the forest land. The only sound to be heard is the roaring behind her. Her heart pounds. Her feet strike the ground in a steady, rhythmic beat.

Behind her, moving thunder splits the air. Roaring. Galloping. Trees are crashing to the ground offscreen.

Only a dark forestland stands before her. She spots the front door to the apartment. It is standing alone, unattended, in the middle of this fairyland. She heads for the door.

136. CONTINUED: 136

The growling grows nearer.

She increases her speed.

She gets closer to the door.

The roaring grows louder.

She trips over a root.

She sprawls onto the ground, a shadow looming above her.

With remarkable agility, she springs to her feet and literally dives through the open door.

137. INT. HALLWAY, 2ND FLOOR, DAY 137

Eunice tumbles into the hall. She leaps up and slams the door to Dickinson's apartment. The door nearly splints as something huge and terrifying crashes into it.

EUNICE
I've always been a sucker for a good magic trick.

Abruptly, the roaring stops. Eunice stands there facing the door.

Silence.

EUNICE
Now what?

She hears laughter near her, from the landing leading from the first floor. She turns around and sees a small mob of little fairies standing in the hall. They are holding clubs and sneering.

ANOTHER ANGLE:
The CAMERA is now behind the little critters' heads. They slowly advance towards the witch. (In this way, we won't actually see their feet moving, since that might look a tad hokey.)

ORIGINAL ANGLE:
Eunice bolts and runs towards the opposite end of the hall, towards the stairway leading up to the third floor. There are a few fairies standing at the bottom of that stairway. Eunice leaps over them and runs up the landing.

138. INT. HALLWAY, 3RD FLOOR, DAY 138

Eunice gallops down her hallway, opens her door and runs inside her apartment.

139. INT. EUNICE'S APARTMENT, DAY 139

Eunice stands next to the front door. She hears scraping nosies from the hallway. Little voices are chanting in unison.

FAIRIES
Eu-nice, Eu-nice, Eu-nice.

Eunice is out of breath and angry.

EUNICE
All right, runts. You want a fight?
A fight you shall get.

She walks over to her wall of weaponry and removes a glittering sword.

She doesn't notice that, on the floor, her mushroom pot is broken. The dirt has been scattered. The little mushroom is moaning, wide-eyed with terror.

She hears the laughter of a little girl from nearby. From within the room.

She spins around and faces the CAMERA, looking to the left and the right. She is tense. She holds the sword before her. The fairies are still chanting outside. A little girl's voice is laughing inside.

She slowly walks through her apartment, sword upraised.

A whisper.

VOICE
Eunice.

She spins around. The troll dives upon her from out of nowhere. Before Eunice can strike it with her sword the troll knocks her down onto the floor and offscreen. It lifts its ring high in the air and brings it down...hard...offscreen.

140. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 140

Harry junior, sitting near the door, clutches the lance and leaps to his feet. He glances at his father. His father has heard nothing and is still reading.

Harry slips out the front door and runs into the hallway.

141. INT. HALLWAYS, DAY 141

Harry junior begins to climb the stairs leading to Eunice's

apartment. The higher he goes in the building the more bizarre the activities in the hallways get. Vines and twigs have broken through the walls. The halls are beginning to look like slices of forestland. Wind is howling. Strange cratures can be heard chirping.

142. INT. HALLWAY, 3RD FLOOR, DAY 142

Branches are protruding from the walls on the third floor. The third floor is a labrynth of strange flora and jungle noises. Small, glowing eyes peer out from bushes. Harry slowly walks up to Eunice's door, staff in hand.

HARRY JR.
Eunice?

He knocks on the door. There is no reply.

HARRY JR.
Eunice?

He rings the buzzer.

HARRY JR.
Eunice? Are you all right?

The door to her apartment is sucked inward off the hinges. Harry tumbles inside.

143. INT. FAIRY FOREST, DAY (yet nocturnal and moody) 143

He is confronted by a strange, ominous forestland. An ageless tree trunk sits in the foreground. It begins to move. A face forms on it. The tree-trunk opens its eyes and speaks. Eunice's voice emerges.

EUNICE/TREE
It's up to you now, kid. Don't blow it.

Harry junior screams and kneels before the tree trunk. The little mushroom is embedded in the soil next to the tree creature. It whistles a friendly greeting.

HARRY JR.
Eunice! No! Eunice!

EUNICE/TREE
Quit blubbering and get in there and save your sister.

Harry tenderly touches the tree trunk.

HARRY JR.
Awww, Eunice.

143. CONTINUED: 143

EUNICE/TREE
On the double! Now!

Harry sets his jaw and like a true hero, dashes into the forest.

The tree/trunk focuses its eyes on the mushroom.

EUNICE/TREE
Keep an eye on him.

The mushroom utters a military "uh-huh" and burrows off in pursuit of Harry. The effect is that of a Speedy Gonzales gopher tearing ass across a forest floor.

The forest reverberates with the sound of wind howling and things crashing. A world is literally being formed.

CUT TO:

144. INT. HALLWAYS, DAY 144

In the apartment building corridors, vines and roots have taken over the walls. We can hear the SOUNDS of walls collapsing and floors being torn asunder. Wild creature-yells echo throughout the forestland.

145. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 145

Outside the building, several large vines burst out of the side of the structure. A small crowd of passers-by gathers.

MAN
What's going on?

WOMAN
Look at that!

MAN #2
Let's see.

A neighbor tries the front door. It won't budge.

MAN
It's locked.

WOMAN
Somebody call the police.

146. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 146

In the Potter home, the walls and floor begin to tremble. Harry senior and Anne stare at each other, very much aware that something is wrong. Anne gets up and swings the front door open.

She gapes at the sight.

1.

Sc. A 146 A gaggle of fairies gapes back. From Anne's point of view we see that the entire hallway is gone. The interior of the building no longer exists. All that stands before her is a vast, nocturnal forestland. She screams and closes the door.

(reverse on Anne)

Sc. 146 Cont.

The walls rattle furiously. Harry senior leaps to his feet.

HARRY SR.
What is it, honey? What's going on?

He dashes to the door and opens it. The tree trunk sits there.

EUNICE/TREE
Shut that damned door. He can't take over if you keep him out of your home.

Harry senior slams the door. Anne is screaming.

ANNE
What's happening?

HARRY SR.
I don't know...but I'm listening to that tree.

Fairies start pounding on the door from the outside. Walls begin to shake.

147. EXT. FORESTLAND, NIGHT 147

We see the scene from a different perspective. (In what could be filmed in a real forest at night.) In a vast forestland only a single apartment unit remains. It looks like a square of surburbia dropped into a Sierra Club Calendar. Only an occasional portion of a stairway or a slice of wall betrays the fact that this vast, fourth dimensional fairyland was once the interior of an apartment building.

148. EXT. FORESTLAND, NIGHT 148

Harry junior runs full tilt through the forest. Eerie fairy voices whisper his name all around him.

The little mushroom follows him form a distance.

The troll slithers from behind tree to tree, motioning his mini-minions forward.

149. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 149

Outside the building, in real life, large vines are now bursting through the roof.

149. CONTINUED: 149

A crowd has gathered. It points to each eruption with a gasp.

150. EXT. FORESTLAND, NIGHT 150

Meanwhile, Harry junior, magical staff in hand, continues his charge.

An ugly fair stands behind him, a small spear in hand. The fairy raises the spear. The mushroom/burrowing motion cuts in front of the creature. The mushroom pops his head up and gives a nasty, high pitched yell. The little fairy, startled, falls backwards with a yelp. The mushroom cackles and then gives a yelp himself as the troll's foot smashes down along side him. The mushroom returns to his burrowing as the troll runs forward.

.50.EXT.FORESTLAND/CLEARING. NIGHT.

Harry comes to a clearing in the forest.

There, in the heart of this fairyland, lies Wendy, entombed in a glass coffin. The coffin is surrounded by a shimmering orange force field. Harry tentatively steps forward.

HARRY JR.
W-Wendy?

He walks over to the coffin and extends a hand. The force field zaps him with a red lightning bolt. Harry junior is thrown to the ground.

He gets up, shaking off the effects of the shock. He stares at the staff at his hand. He sets his jaw and marches up to the force field like a true knight. He holds the staff before him. The staff shoots out a blue lightning bolt. The blue bolt penetrates the force field. Gradually, the orange force field turns blue. It pulsates Once. Twice. Then, it shatters; small shards of glowing blue bits falling to the forest floor.

Harry gapes at the staff. He then pries open the glass coffin lid. He sister is still breathing. She is still alive. Harry smiles and sighs in relief.

The little mushroom surfaces, nearby, and heaves a sigh.

HARRY JR.
This hero stuff isn't so hard.

Suddenly, a titanic shadow looms overhead. A Concorde jet-volume growl nearly knocks Harry to the ground. He looks up, terrified.

There, towering above him is something big...
something ugly...
something not at all pleased to see him.

150

The mushroom looks up, shrieks and burrows beneath the earth.

A shambling, minotauresque creature stands above Harry, humanoid in shape with the head of a VW-van-sized bull. The creature's eyes are set deep and furrowed and just brimming with rage. It's pointed ears twitch as it gazes down upon Harry. Its nostrils flare. It snorts a mighty breath. On its back are two, tattered bat-wings. The creature bellows and flaps his aged wings.

Dirt and leaves are kicked up in Harry's face.

As Harry rubs his eyes, the creature takes a swing at him with a mighty paw.

The paw catches Harry by surprise and sends him tumbling into the grass.

The troll watches the entire scene from behind a tree, cackling happily.

TROLL
The girl is mine. The world is mine.

The giant decides to stomp Harry into the pre-pubsescent equivalent of a side order of strawberry jam. The boy dodges and ducks as the large feet stomp the forest floor. Each time the creature misses the boy, Harry tries to aim the staff and zap the monster, with little success.

Harry begins to back up, attempting to take aim.

Unwittingly, he is backing up directly in front of the troll's hiding place. Harry pauses and takes careful aim. Before he can fire a lightning bolt, however, the troll reaches forward and snatches the staff from Harry's hand.

TROLL
Mine now. Sorry.

The troll chuckles as Harry, unarmed, runs back to his sister.

HARRY JR.
Wendy. Look out!

He tries to save the little girl from the towering monster. The bull-creature, now filled with sheer blood lust, lurches for both children. He will stomp them both to smithereens if he has his way.

The troll sees what's happening and realizes that the girl will die as well as the meddlesome boy if the beast is allowed to continue its rampage.

TROLL
Just the boy! Just the boy!

150. CONTINUED: 15(

The troll watches helplessly as the bull shambles towards both children.

Harry junior, at the coffin, tries to shake his little sister awake.

The bull-giant picks up a titanic boulder and lifts it high above his head.

The troll stands erect, screaming at the monster.

TROLL
Not the girl! Not the girl!

The bull-giant doesn't acknowledge the command and hovers above the children, aiming the boulder.

The troll is clearly torn. He stares at the little girl.

Wendy wakes up, cradled in the arms of her brother. Spotting the giant above her, she lets out a plaintive wail. She hugs her equally frightened brother.

The troll closes his eyes slowly and sighs. He opens his eyes, raises the staff high in the air, takes careful aim and hurls it like a spear.

The staff strikes the bull-creature directly in the heart. The giant roars, dropping the boulder behind him. He staggers backwards as blue sparks from the spear illuminate his body. He collapses onto the ground, disappearing in a blue, lightning-spattered haze.

His dying roars, however, continue to echo.

Louder.

Louder.

Louder.

Gradually, they evolve into another kind of roar; one spawned by the forces of nature but equally as frightening.

An earthquake.

The forestland begins to tremble. The heart of this new universe has been destroyed and the fairy realm begins to splinter.

The fairies are tossed around like toys.

Trees crash to the ground.

A great, white light begins to erupt forward from where the giant

150. CONTINUED: 15

has fallen. It heads directly towards the CAMERA in a tidal-wave rotoscope effect, obliterating everything in its path.

Harry grabs his sister, retrieves his fallen staff and runs for his parents' apartment, sitting serenely in the middle of the vast forestland.

151. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 151

Inside the apartment, the Potters are bouncing off the walls, literally, as their abode quivers and quakes.

152. EXT. FORESTLAND, NIGHT 152

Harry junior and Wendy-Anne run through the withering fairyworld. The smoldering light force pursues them. Small screams tear through the air as the fairies perish.

The troll sadly sits down next to a tree trunk. The tree trunk seems to smile.

EUNICE/TREE
Gotcha.

The little mushroom pops up next to the trunk, turns to the troll and gives the creature a "nyah nyah" laugh.

The children run screaming up to their parents door. They begin pounding on it.

HARRY JR.
Mom. Dad! Open up! Hurry!

153. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 153

The apartment is shaking like a mix-master. Harry senior gets to his feet and, with a superhuman effort, makes it to the door. He wrenches it open and his children come flying in. The door slams shut. The entire family is tossed onto the floor.

Then....

Nothing.

Silence.

Dead, unearthly silence.

The terrified quartet slowly get to their feet and approach the door. They open it slowly.

Silence.

They stick their heads outside.

154. EXT. HALLWAY, DAY 154

The apartment building is an apartment building again.
There is no sign of a fairyworld.
There are no signs of any fairies.
There is no trace of the bull giant.
There is no trace of the troll.

155. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 155

Police sirens split the air.
The family is numb with shock.

156. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 156

A squad car and a motorcycle cop pull up outside the building. The three officers chat briefly with the neighbors. The two squad car cops run inside the building.

157. INT. POTTER APARTMENT, DAY 157

One of the cops trots into the Potter apartment. Harry senior and Anne are tossing clothes into two suitcases spread out on the living room floor.

FIRST COP
What's going on in here?

HARRY SR.
I'll be damned if I know but, tonight, we're spending the night in a hotel. Right kids?

Harry junior and Wendy emerge from their bedroom with small suitcases of their own.

HARRY JR.
Fine with me.

WENDY
Me, too.

FIRST COP
We had complaints from the neighbors about loud noises.

HARRY SR.
Tell me about it.

The second cop enters the room.

SECOND COP
No one else seems to be around in the building.

157. CONTINUED: 157

FIRST COP (to Harry senior)
The neighbors said it sounded like all hell was breaking loose.

HARRY SR.
They might be onto something there.

FIRST COP
You heard something then?

HARRY SR.
We heard it. We saw it. And, now, we're going to forget it.

FIRST COP
Would you mind going down to the station to make a statement?

HARRY SR.
Why not? I might as well get myself declared legally insane. That'll be the perfect way to end the day.

ANNE
We can get his and her straightjackets.

HARRY JR.
I take a junior.

The cops exchange puzzled glances. Everyone leaves the Potter apartment, with Harry senior shutting the door behind them.

158. EXT. APARTMENT, DAY 158

The Potter family are led out of the building by the two cops. The family has to wade through a small crowd of curiosity seekers.

Harry is clutching his staff with his suitcase in one hand and squeezing his sister's hand with the other. Wendy is holding on for dear life.

As Harry wades through the crowd, a familiar voice says softly.

EUNICE
You did pretty good in there...for a human.

Harry looks up. A young, modern woman smiles at him: it's the youthful version of Eunice. She winks and makes her way back into the crowd.

Harry grins and puts his arm around his sister. He leads her to

158. CONTINUED: 158

the family car. The Potter family climb in and drive off, accompanied by the motorcycle cop.

A.158 EXT. APT. BUILDING.DAY.

The two patrolmen stand in front of the apartment building. It looks perfectly tranquil.

FIRST COP
What do you think happened in there?

SECOND COP
Nothing, if you ask me. Someone probably had their stereo on too loud. Probably one of those kids.

FIRST COP
The place sure looks normal.

SECOND COP
Let's play it safe. I'll check the side of the building out.

FIRST COP
I'll wait in the car.

SECOND COP
Won't take but a minute.

B.158.EXT. APT. BUILDING.SIDE AND BACK.DAY.

The second cop walks around the side of the building and down the stairs leading to the laundry room. He glances to the left.

Nothing.

He glances to the right.

Nothing.

He is about to turn and walk back to the car when he hears a terrible crash from within the laundry room. He pulls his gun and walks down to the door.

He places his hand on the doorknob.

He swings the door open.

C.158.LAUNDRY ROOM/REAL FORESTLAND. DAY.

He is confronted, not by washer-dryers, but by a forestland full of little fairies led by a troll.

CLOSE-UP of the startled cop.

He is sucked inside the room.

The door slams shut.

D.158. EXT. APT. BUILDING. DAY.

Outside the house, the first cop sits in the patrol car, waiting impatiently. His partner finally arrives. He slides into the

passenger's seat.

FIRST COP
What took you so long?

SECOND COP
I thought I heard something in the laundry room.

FIRST COP
Find anything?

The second cop smiles a crooked smile.

SECOND COP
No.

FIRST COP
Well, let's go home, then.

The second policemen repeats the word "home" while fingering a strange, green ring on his left hand.

SECOND COP
Home....yes.

The police car pulls away.

F 158. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APT. BUILDING. DAY
A VW van parked a half a block away starts its engine and takes off after it. Behind the wheel, we see the young Eunice. She is shaking her head and smiling at the tiny mushroom in a pot placed on the seat at her side.

EUNICE
Here we go again.

The mushroom utters and appreciative "yahoo."

Both cars sputter down the street.

Our Medieval music begins to play.

The chase is on.

Again.

END CREDITS